



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Amongst the criticisms which naturally pour into one who like myself ventures upon general criticism, I heard many congratulatory things regarding my little unorganized clamor for a man. I have to thank many for their kindness in saying pretty things about my having expressed their unwritten ideal as to a great leader who should absorb the people of Canada and lead them to success. I must confess that I am surprised at the liberality of the Conservative party; members of it who have endeavored to strengthen my purpose and hold up my hands in the struggle for a strong and aggressive leader, make one believe that partisanship is not so hide-bound in Canada as it is generally supposed.

"Say, Don," said a friend of mine the other day, "I read your last week's appeal for a man, for a leader, for someone who will excite our enthusiasm, with more interest and a greater degree of enthusiasm than I have read anything you have written for six months. Do you know that in the old days, when I was a little girl, I used to go with my father to hear George Brown, and Alexander Mackenzie, and Edward Blake, and what was that man's name who had an empty sleeve? (E. B. Wood, I suggested.) Why, the farmers and the people used to turn out in thousands, and though I didn't know the meaning of much of it I used to be thrilled and wildly excited and it seemed to me there was only one party, and I am sure that is what my father used to think. How people used to shout, and the enthusiasm that pervaded the crowd possessed me, and I used to hang on to father's arm and think it was the grandest thing in the world.

"I don't see any of these things now. Who goes around speaking for the Reform party? I never hear father say anything about going out to big meetings; he doesn't argue politics with people who come to the house; he seems to take no interest any more in what is going on. Are there no leaders? Oh, what a lovely speaker that man was with only one arm; E. B. Wood, didn't you say his name was? I like Mr. Mowat, he is so quiet and so smart; he knows what he is talking about, but he seems to be the only one who has any idea of what he wants to do. What are your party trying to do? What are the Conservatives after, anyhow? And say, really, what are the Reform party in Dominion politics agitating for? I cannot see what they are after. And who really is the man who ought to lead in Canadian politics?"

It is in this way that my wife talks to me about what ought to be done, and when memories are forced upon me of the old-time leaders I really wonder what we are after. We never see a leader nor hear of one; we fight for drill sheds and harbor improvements, and for additional grounds for the Industrial Exhibition, but we seem to lack issues, men, and those soul-stirring things which at one time used to move us either for or against the dominant party. When Sir John used to speak to us, and tell us very stale stories perchance, we recognized in him the leader of the people and followed him, believing that he understood what was best for us and was willing, notwithstanding many attendant difficulties, to make Canada a great and glorious country. Of course this "great and glorious country" is very much of a legend; it is easy for people to talk about it, to proclaim it, to prophesy that the time is not far off when visions will materialize into farms, and wheat, and money, and wealth. No matter how mythical it may have been, what has replaced this pleasing illusion? Who is talking to us in these paternal and pleasing phrases? Nobody. "We have no papa now," to use the post-funeral phrase of the child who finds the house empty; there is no sentiment in the Conservative party, or the Reform party, or any party; there is no sentiment emanating from any party, from any people, any section of people, any fragment, who says, "This man is liable to lead us to success." We all know that every man who is in public life has obliterated his personality, has sacrificed his impulses, has betrayed the godly and glorious things that were in him in order to be a Cabinet Minister. It may be necessary—I don't know; I am talking as one who knows nothing of these things—to wipe out all the beautiful colors of youth and manhood,

And that sweet time
When first we heard their pleasing rhyme.

It may be necessary in order to succeed politically that all these impulses and sweet things, every impulse and nucleus of greatness must be fastened up, tied about with party strings, and religious straps, and sectional refrigerators. This all may be necessary; the party politicians no doubt have experimented in how these things could be worked; they no doubt know how far they can carry the grandly gorgeous and buoyant idea of being a man. The experiments have resulted in the political eunuch. We see the fat-faced, the unsexed, the unimportant personage standing in the corridor of Canada demanding the passport of people who have some virility. The man who has heard nothing of a barem and is unacquainted with a eunuch demands from this fatted personification of nothingness why he should be accosted in the hallway. He is beaten and thrown out, and no other reason need be given. The person without any intentions, honorable or otherwise, the thing who has by some extraordinary procedure been able to obtain a salary and a position

rules the roost. Interests which are not strong enough to make the Government feel that things have not been rightly "arranged" can keep on being disarranged. A government which does not give a continental what happens so long as it lives is not, in my opinion, likely to live. Nobody is asking Canada what it wants; nobody is feeling the pulse of Canada as to what it needs. In the best sense of the word we have neither a leader nor a policy. The Dominion Government may feel secure, yet with the prompt candor of the unappreciated friend I may say that there is nothing that might not happen it. All movement against it needs a leader, a man, a somebody who can advise the people how to act. If such a man should arise the Dominion Government would not be in it; they have no policy that could be remembered through the speech of a schoolhouse orator; their arguments would be forgotten in five

apostle of goodness who appears not to know whether it really pays to be good or bad; Sir Caron is rusticated while his political small-pox peels off; Mr. Chapleau is getting his hair curled and his voice rested after campaigns which mean disruption to Canada if they mean anything. So we might go through the whole list of political personages, political things, political nobodies; in this way we might enumerate with tiresome iteration the miserable factionists, the petty personages who occupy the public mind as far as it is occupied. But let me ask again, who is the man? Who is THE Canadian? Who is likely to lead us to something better? Who is likely to unite in his grand personality the ambitions of this people? Who is a possibility as the centerpiece of the geographical and patriotic outlook of Canada?

I have seen much of politics and have had some

everything is possible; for surely if we have no leader, if we have no principles, if the Government is conducted on a basis of postoffices instead of patriotism, the most surprising thing might offer itself and find a lodgment in the public mind, which now believes that nothing could be worse than that which exists. We have no influence anywhere; our cattle are scheduled in England, our goods forbidden under heavy penalties at the border; we have found no customers in foreign nations; we have done nothing except peddle subsidies; our rulers have succeeded in nothing except increasing the public debt. Of course if this is satisfactory we may go on and keep up a similar procedure. That the Grits are more wildly foolish and more heartlessly unpatriotic and more insanely unbusinesslike is to the advantage of the administration but not to the advantage of the country.

Independence-of-Canada advocates find comfort when he knows that the first act in such a regime would be the gathering together of a constitutional convention which would give Quebec less than it now possesses, and would be asked to give that province more than the other six provinces would consent to grant? Annexation has no beauties that we should desire it. Yet let not the friend of British connection forget the fact that under Democratic rule, when inducements may be offered to us, the impulse may grow towards political and commercial union. It is not to our advantage. A closer alliance with the Empire would be a vastly greater advantage to us; our history, our impulses, the everything which tends to the greatness of a people is opposed to annexation, and yet let it not be forgotten that the bribe will be on the desk to tempt the cupid of those who are always willing to sacrifice the future for a small certainty or the prospect of petty profit.

When we look at all these things and their bearing upon Canadian politics, when with the garrulousness of gray hair and gray and sombre prospects we begin to cast about us for security, and years roll up and energy becomes dull, we are apt to ask, what is England offering her colonies for continued attachment and more profitable trade? Personally though I may be an enthusiastic Imperial Federationist, what is there to make my faith secure? What, in argument, have I to offer in anything the Gladstone Government has done or is likely to do to obtain converts to my way of thinking? What is there in Canadian public life, who is there in Canadian public position to win men to the belief that there is a future for this country no matter what England may do or leave undone, no matter what partisans may say or leave unsaid? Who is the man? No matter what he believes, if he be great enough to lead Canadians would be loyal enough to follow almost anywhere. Unfortunately for us all, we lack the man who feeds as they do in the old southern Barbacue, the orator who stirs us as the Clays, the Calhouns, the Websters once stirred our neighbors to the south of us. We have not the editor or publicist who is making the great clamor for principle that George Brown once did; we lack Sir John, the man who led us even though we knew not whither; we have nothing but a petty Opposition and quite as petty a Government which says, "We are here to draw a salary; we have no impulses; we belong to every section and subscribe to every religion and our only object is to conciliate the country, province by province, so that we may maintain a Government which was left to us by Sir John and which has no meaning to us except as a source of honor and emolument."

What should we strive for? This is a very reasonable question. We have been left behind in the progress of the new world; our own statistics prove to us that we have either been unhappily managed or unfortunately located. What are we going to do about it? It may be very pleasant that the Government have employed a newspaper to say that everything is being done for the best; we may be joyously confident that something will turn up; with Tony Weller we may believe that "circumspect is a more tenderer word than circumvent;" we may have many private images in our minds, but what foundation have we for hoping that years of inaction are to be succeeded by a policy of progress and a period of prosperity? It is useless for the gentlemen who have charge of our affairs to say that times are likely to change. We are in the painful position of being forced to demand: "What is likely to make things better?" We may conceive that after a while a reaction may set in and that the United States will not admit the immigration which they have had a surfeit of, while leaving us a nation with a scanty population extending along the border of something which has been more absorptive than a porous plaster; we may hope the time has come when our rich acreage will attract the population it deserves, yet are any of these things likely to happen as a mere happen-chance, as a circumstance, as a frill on the progress of another nation? Is it not fair that we should enquire what we are doing to promote these things? We have built a great railway, we are proud of its prosperity, and yet blushing we must confess that we are not sharing in the profits. We have a great people, a dominant people; those of our nationality hold the best positions in the United States, but what are we holding at home? What are our prospects? From what country are the people to come who are to live on our prairies? What is being done with our iron? Where is the market for our nickel? Is it not a fact that our National Policy is becoming a good deal of a chestnut?

Why should not the Ontario Government organize an experimental mine, an experimental rolling mill, a something to show the capacity and capabilities of our mines? Is it not a fact that our governments, no matter whether they are provincial or Dominion, believe that their only function is to administer the laws, exact taxes, retard progress, embarrass everything which does not procure a place or salary for the needy sycophant, or to erect asylums, postoffices or a custom house in the constituency which needs attention? What is government for? What are politicians for? What place has patriotism in the whole performance is a question which we have a right to ask; it is a question which our rulers never see fit to answer. What we need and must have is a man; what we need and must



GOOD NIGHT.

minutes of the braying of an opposition brass band or in ten minutes of a county banquet. They are living in the fool's paradise and believing that they are the people; shallow Cabinet Ministers are talking shallow things to people who do not care whether said Cabinet Ministers are alive or dead. An earthquake may disturb these smart people any moment; any man who arises with a strong popular belief behind him will shake them to their center. These may seem to be assertions, but let me ask in the light of a woman's suggestion, which so often goes straight to the point, where are the leaders of Canada to-day, and who are they?

George Brown is dead; Alexander Mackenzie is dead; Edward Blake has forsown his country and become an Irishman; Sir Richard Cartwright has forsown his country and become a Yankee; Monsieur Laurier has identified himself with Monsieur Mercier, and jointly they have rented rooms in the realm of Nowhere; Premier Abbott is an invalid who doesn't know whether he should remain in power or not; Sir John Thompson is the

slight personal experience. This experience has not been bitter, but simply preservative. It has afforded me an exact point of view; its sidelights have revealed to me the strength of positions and the shadows which come to those who are offered as party sacrifices. I have seldom seen men perish from the face of a party ticket because they have been personally ambitious. Little is known of the difference between the man who is a follower of a friend, the nominee of a party which must lose, or the exponent of a principle which in losing may win, and the man who is simply working for himself. These little trifles never occupy the attention of the voter, and he has really few facilities for obtaining a proper knowledge of the candidates. It matters little. Time and the great gods alone make these things plain; the nominee of a known leader and an accepted apostle will go, and it takes a great amount of argument to change a vote. People are followed, not principles, and so, as the whole thing goes down into history, we watch a parliament, led by nothing but a blind impulse, and may very well wonder what will happen next time. Anything is possible,

As it seems to a bystander, so it must seem to every outsider; so our policy must impress everyone who might possibly be induced to become an immigrant. Where is there anything but our rich public lands that beckons the stranger to make his home with us? It is true we shut up our taverns at seven o'clock on Saturday, permit no Sunday street cars or newspapers or ungodly things until the Monday morning sun sanctifies a renewal of licensed ungodliness, but is this attracting population or gathering business or promoting goodness? We may very reasonably ask if anything is being accomplished by this sort of thing except the exclusion of people who want to mind their own business and are unprepared to have their business minded for them by the churches.

Forgetting these minor considerations, are those who are believers in Imperial Federation likely to survive the snubs they are receiving in England? Can they hope for much when even the privilege of importing cattle and feeding them has been denied those progressive and daring men who have engaged in the Canadian live stock traffic? Where can the

have is an upheaval. The something which is to happen cannot be far off; the man who is to lead the movement will likely create the upheaval; the time when all the forces of Canada will assist somebody to be something cannot be far off. It will be a national rather than a political movement; it will make somebody, and it will drop into private life many who think themselves made, but it will be a combination of the time, purpose, the people and the man.

DOW.

It is always a sad thing to see a man in vigorous health suddenly struck dead, whether by accident, disease, or the hand of his fellow. The last is the most shocking occurrence of all, when happening near by. It causes one to shiver through and through. The tragedy of Thanksgiving Day—and every holiday in this town produces its tragedy—has commanded a more than usual amount of general interest because those concerned in it belonged to separate branches of the public service. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide, the only verdict possible under the circumstances. But the ever-watchful maniacs who hound the press with letters on every possible subject may be depended upon to keep the question alive for months, and to unhinge Policeman Campbell's mind if he is at all sensitive. One good result of this most unfortunate thing will be that volunteers in or out of uniform will find the true amount of exemption enjoyed by them. We have three local regiments of which we are, and have every right to be proud. In these battalions young men of all classes are enrolled—young men of all degrees of good and bad inclinations, of all degrees of intelligence from broad enlightenment to actual stupidity. The idea has got abroad, though it is not entertained by the better classes of citizen soldiery, that a volunteer in uniform is a public character superior to the police, who cannot legally be arrested whatever provocation he may give. Usually the most stupid and the most reckless among the soldiers are the ones who harbor this idea, and usually this prevailing idea induces young men of reckless disposition to seek admittance to the militia for the fancied exemption they will enjoy. Of course there is nothing in it, for the colonel and major of a regiment as well as the privates are liable to arrest by the most humble policeman if they disturb the peace when out of the ranks. It is only right that it should be so, for militiamen are no better and no worse than the rest of us and must be kept to law and order as we are. By an arrangement between the chief of police and the military head of the infantry school, members of that institution who are apprehended in wrong-doing are detained at police headquarters until a guard from the Fort can take them in charge, and thereafter their punishment is more severe than that meted out by the police magistrates to civilian offenders. The tragedy of Thanksgiving night, the exonerated of the policeman who fired the fatal shot, the disgrace to which Wheeler has been subjected, will all serve to dispel certain false notions that have too long lingered in small corners of the civilian and military mind.

One excuse for the existence of the militia is that they constitute an effective reserve force for the preservation of law and order and for the suppression of disturbances too large for the police force to cope with. This being so, no ordinary citizen should possess such an indwelling respect for the authority of the policeman as one wearing military uniform. But the onslaught upon Policeman Campbell was not required to prove that those wearing the Queen's colors are deficient in this regard. If the men are instructed in this part of their duty, many of them profit very little from their instruction. Some of them travel on their colors every chance they get, roaming about in squads and penetrating into unholy dens where the atmosphere taints the regimental clothing. The sham battle did not come off on Thanksgiving Day, but with the shooting of Tickner and the brawls and fist encounters that occurred in hotels all around the city, our militia lost almost as much blood that day as it did at Batoche or Cut Knife Creek. I know that the great bulk of our citizen soldiers when thrown upon their own devices for the day conducted themselves extremely well, but in uniform the conduct of every man in a regiment should be above reproach, and fifty men should not bring discredit upon ten or fifteen hundred. When a drunken and blood-spattered volunteer staggered along the street he put an indelible disgrace, not on himself, but upon his regiment.

A private citizen, if set upon and brutally beaten by a mob as Campbell was, would no doubt be acquitted had he in defending himself killed one of his assailants. Defenders of the peace, owing to the enmity entertained for them by lawless people, are in constant danger of being pounced upon, and in preserving their own lives and those of other law-abiding people it is necessary in extreme cases to take life. It is necessary to arm policemen with deadly weapons so that they shall not be scoffed at by burglars laden with a night's plunder, or chased all around the city by frolicsome rowdies. It is necessary, further, to endow them with authority to deal death in emergency. The important thing, therefore, is to select as policemen only such men as possess nerve, coolness, a high type of physical bravery and the judgment to know when an extremity has been reached. One sort of man would shoot where another would find it necessary to use his baton only with moderation. A policeman should be more than a giant of flesh and bone, more than a great human ox. This tragedy has its lessons for those who train soldiers and those who select policemen.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

The social event of the week, so far as public festivities are concerned, was the Cricketers' ball on Tuesday evening, than which a more successful evening's amusement has seldom been given. In the first place, the Pavilion was charmingly decorated in a novel and unique manner, as mentioned in last week's account of the Chrysanthemum Show, the graceful evergreen ropes and myriad Japanese lanterns, fans, and parasols lending a grace to the ordi-

nary festooning and draping. Light-colored hangings were used with good effect, and the antiquated barn was quite a bower of cozy beauty, when the guests began to arrive. The Grenadiers' band played various selections that were old favorites, and also the new Government House waltz which, as I predicted would be the case, was much appreciated by the dancers. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, to whom the pretty measure is dedicated, expressed her pleasure at its rendition. Bandmaster Waldron has arranged it most charmingly and the Grenadiers played their best in honor of the lady of Government House and the fair composer. If there be a time to rejoice, methinks the Cricketers must have seized on the auspicious moment for their ball, for never have more bright and bonny faces smiled care away so persistently. The ball was under the patronage of his Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. The lady patronesses were: Mrs. G. W. Allan, Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mrs. Sweeney, Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. D. Alton McCarthy, Mrs. C. W. Bunting, Mrs. Harcourt-Vernon, Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsey. The committee of the club was composed of Major Cosby (chairman), Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden, Mr. John Wright, Mr. H. E. Harcourt-Vernon, Mr. D. W. Saunders, Mr. E. Bristol, Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey, Mr. S. F. Houston, Mr. W. W. Jones, Mr. H. Montizambert, Mr. A. B. Cameron, Mr. W. Creelman, Mr. H. J. Bethune, Mr. A. H. Collins, Mr. W. H. Ketchum, Mr. W. R. Wadsworth, jun., Mr. W. J. Fleury, Mr. K. H. Cameron, Mr. C. S. Wood, jun., Mr. J. E. Hall and Mr. C. N. Shanly (secretary).

It was almost ten o'clock when the Lieut.-Governor and party arrived at the southern entrance, near which very charming tiling-rooms had been costily fitted up by Mr. Jolliffe of Queen street, for the use of the distinguished guests. A few minutes afterwards the ball was opened with the following ladies and gentlemen in the set of honor:

The Lieut.-Governor,	Mrs. Cosby.
Major Cosby,	Mrs. Kirkpatrick.
Col. Davidson,	Mrs. Cockburn.
Col. Osler,	Mrs. Hume Blake.
Commodore Boswell,	Mrs. Davidson.
G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P.,	Mrs. G. W. Allan.
Mr. Hume Blake,	Mrs. Sweeney.
Col. Sweeney,	Mrs. Boswell.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a magnificent gown of white and gold brocade, with jeweled girle. A tiara of diamonds fittingly crowned her handsome head. Mrs. A. M. Cosby wore silver-gray and black brocade, and looked stately and well. The dais was elegantly furnished by Mr. Jolliffe and prettily decorated with plants and shrubs.

The supper was served in Ye Maypole Inn, and was, as a cricketer remarked, "too good," but for such sweet women and brave men nothing could be too good. A constantly patronized corner buffet near the stage supplied tea, coffee and champagne cup to the thirsty fair. Very little sitting out was remarked, the dancing being kept up with the vim and enjoyment which always marks the first public ball of the season. A number of strangers were present who disputed the honor of belated with our own beauties. Whitty sent two lovely girls, Miss Gross and Miss Dartnell, who were gowned, the former in cream white silk and Irish lace with fan train from the shoulders, the latter in pure white with chrysanthemum bouquet. Many admirers pronounced Miss Dartnell the very sweetest-looking girl present. Among the distinguished married ladies Mrs. Dobell was remarkable, in an elegant royal blue velvet gown with satin petticoat. Mrs. Forrest Dwyer of Hamilton, in another rich velvet robe with immense train of lustrous black; Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne's bright and beautiful face set off her shimmering white gown, lightly trimmed with green velvet; Mrs. Stephen Haas wore a delightfully dainty little frock of white and rose with exquisite lace falls; Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet wore a pretty deep yellow silk with corselet of white bands; Mrs. Henry Cawthra wore a beautiful French brocade of satin in dainty shades of pink and pink and small flowers; Mrs. G. T. Denison was piquante and charming in a heliotropes gown with velvet sleeves of a deeper shade and lace berthe; Mrs. Melfort Boulton wore wine colored silk under gold-embroidered black lace with corselet bands of gold braid; this was a most charming and becoming gown. Mrs. Hamilton Merritt's blonde beauty was set off to perfection by a pale green silk gown, with shirred bodice and neck and foot border of faint-tinted pink blossoms making a very delicate picture. Mrs. Graham McPherson wore rose pink silk and quilled chiffon berthe; Mrs. R. B. Hamilton was bright and radiant in black lace and silk with cut jet trimmings; Mrs. Hume Brown was in dove-gray silk with bead fringe; Mrs. Alfred Cameron wore a very subtle shade of green brocade, elegantly fitted and very becoming, which came in for many admiring comments as its graceful wearer flitted about in the light steps of the Scotch reel. Mrs. Grantham wore dark red silk and black lace, and looked most gracious and handsome. Mrs. Temple was a sunny blonde in shell-pink and turquoise-blue. Mrs. McQuillan, the bride, wore a long trained gown of rich white silk. Mrs. Bristol wore a very handsome gown; Mrs. Philip Drayton, a most becoming black and white costume. Among the young ladies Miss Mills of Hamilton, who is the guest of Miss Violet Burns, was charming in orange silk. Miss Seymour wore a stylish gown of black and pale blue; her sister wore white satin and gold passementerie. Miss May Walker was very elegantly gowned in a striped rainbow silk with velvet sleeves. Miss Grantham, who made such a lovely central figure in one tableau at the Olde Engleise Fayre, looked well in buttercup crepe, as did Miss Violet Burns in pale blue. Miss Laing, also one of the centers of attraction at the Fayre tableaux, looked a picture in a dainty gown. Miss Darby wore a red chiffon frock with long puffed sleeves. Miss Drayton looked sweetly pretty in a primrose bengaline with dark velvet trimmings. Miss Florence Wey wore a handsome velvet and silk gown. Miss Cawthra was in pure white satin and looked extremely well. Miss McLean was a real snow maiden in a filmy white gown and a most becoming coiffeur

Miss Mackay looked charming in a yellow gown. Miss Wright wore black lace and silk. Miss Boulton was in pure white. Miss S. Herbert Mason was also in white, with tiny scarlet flowers and scarlet slippers. Miss Ferguson wore a rich costume of pale blue combined with pink and blue flowered brocade, in which she looked very comely. Miss Gussie Hodgins looked her usual charming self in white. Miss Hornbrook wore a lovely black gown with gold embroidery, which set off her blonde beauty to perfection. Miss Francis' French-looking costume of steel gray and shrimp pink was remarkably pretty. Miss McLean wore a chic gown of Nile green trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong pale blue and pink. Miss Morphy was charming in fawn and blue. Mrs. Fred Gillespie was a sweet picture in white crepe de chine. Miss Blossom Kingsmill looked very pretty in a simple gown of white muslin and pink roses. Miss Tootie Heward was a piquant little figure in pale blue, while Miss Allie Heward wore a Nile green gown. Mrs. Duggan wore a charming gown of pink silk and crepe trimmed with natural flowers; Mrs. Fraser MacDonald, white silk and tulle; Miss Edith Howard, a becoming gown of white silk trimmed with yellow flowers. But space and memory fail me to tell of all the sweet girl dancers and gracious chaperones, as they combined in as pretty a picture as the old Pavilion ever contained. The Kitties wore their kilts and the other officers wore their swords, at least some of them did, but the most devoted dancing men unbuckled the warlike trapping and stowed it peacefully away in some convenient corner. Taking the ball altogether, from the opening lancers, which were danced to a quaint lot of old English airs, arranged by Mr. Waldron and aptly named after the recent fayre, to the last lingering waltz, it was an unqualified success, and the rumor that the knights of the wicket may repeat their hospitality in the spring is whispered with great satisfaction.

Mrs. James was at home to a number of friends last Tuesday afternoon, and in spite of the wretched weather a goodly party assembled for a farewell chat and dance at lovely Benvenuto. Among those present were: Mrs. Crowther, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Denison, the Misses Pope, the Misses Strathay, the Misses Thompson, Miss Gunther, Miss DuMoulin, Miss Orr, Miss Dallas, Miss Walker and many other smart women with their attendant cavaliers. Neapolitano's music floated through the handsome salons, and dancing was enjoyed in the dining-room. I regret to chronicle the departure of the Misses James for Philadelphia, en route for Europe, and of the pleasant hostess of Benvenuto to-day, to join her daughters at New York, whence they sail in the near future for a continental winter.

Mrs. Newman's tea on Wednesday afternoon was largely attended, and the finer weather made it decidedly more pleasant for the guests. There is not a cosier home on Wilcox street than Mrs. Newman's, and those who enjoyed its welcome on Wednesday seemed to be happily impressed by the fact.

Miss Nettie Saunders of Guelph is the guest of Mrs. Shanly. Miss Saunders was much admired at the recent ball.

Several buds will make their debut at Mrs. Ferguson's dance next Thursday evening. Eastlawn parties are sure to be enjoyable to the newly-fledged belles, as their seniors can say from pleasant experience.

Mr. Ernest Thompson's grand painting of a tragedy in the Pyrenees has been on exhibition this week at his home, 86 Howard street. On the seven-by-five foot canvas is portrayed a most realistic and terrible scene, the death and devouring of a poor woodman by a pack of ravenous wolves. The painting was conceived by Mr. Thompson after reading an account of the tragedy, and was painted in the open air and snow-shrouded woods of St. Cloud, in bitter winter weather, every detail of the awful scene which it was possible to reproduce being brought bodily together. This extreme of realism led to the arrest of the enthusiastic artist, the French police believing him to have committed a murder on the spot. In spite of the gruesome subject one is fascinated by the artist's masterly treatment and led away from the terrible foreground by the pathetic suggestion of the title, Awaited in Vain, by the blue smoke curling from the hearth fire in the cottage near by, and by the raised head and listening attitude of one of the feasting brutes, as he hears the good wife calling her murdered husband to his evening meal. I hope everyone who has outgrown their Red Riding Hood horror of wolves will look at this wonderful picture, which as the work of a Canadian artist has so much to interest his fellow countrymen, and has already received the seal of approval of the critics of the French salon. The picture will be on exhibition at 86 Howard street during the coming week.

Cards are out for an initial dance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Catto on Bloor street east, on Thursday of next week.

St. Andrew's ball will be the next public festivity to exercise our dancing people. It promises to be a charming affair.

A universal feeling of regret has pervaded the social circles of Toronto at the tidings of the sad and untimely death of Mr. Harry M. Boddy, which took place last Tuesday evening. The fast-developing dramatic talent, the refined and lovable nature and bright personality of Mr. Boddy will be missed by Toronto people with a sincere and heartfelt sorrow. All sympathize with his much-esteemed parents, Venerable Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy, in their unlooked-for bereavement.

Mrs. and Miss Dennistoun of 129 Beverley street have gone to Florida for the winter.

Mrs. James F. and the Misses Dennistoun of Castlenock, Peterboro', have taken up their residence at 129 Beverley street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wilcox of Marlborough avenue have returned from Hamilton.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson, who has been having a busy and wonderfully successful season

so far, was in town last week, and occupied a box at the Grand with Mr. Owen A. Smily and Mr. Charlesworth. I hear that Mr. Smily and Miss Johnson are to give a dual recital in Association Hall on Monday, November 28, also that a new and wonderful Indian dress, the work of various Indian tribes and presented by them as a token of their esteem, will be worn by the talented poetess-reciter on this occasion.

Miss Amanda Reinhardt, of River street, who has been visiting friends in Hamilton for some time, returned home this week.

Lieut.-Col. Bog of Picton was in town this week.

Dr. G. O'Reilly of Fergus has been visiting his brother, Dr. O'Reilly, of this city.

The annual conversation of the College of Music is announced for December 8. A most enjoyable evening is being arranged by the students for the entertainment of their friends and a brilliant gathering is expected.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mackay and family, who have been residing in the United States for a few years, have returned again to this city to live.

Mr. James P. Watson was presented with a handsome arm-chair last Saturday by the employees of Messrs. Caldecott, Burton and Spence on the eve of his leaving the firm.

The Hon. J. M. Gibson and the officers of the Grand Lodge dedicated the Masonic hall of Stanley Lodge at Toronto Junction last Tuesday, when quite a number were present from the city.

Mr. Catto of Dallas has been the guest of Mr. John Catto of Bloor street east.

Mrs. Gosling of Wellington place has returned home after spending two months in England.

David Merton, jr., of Hamilton, was in the city this week.

Miss Violet Burns gave a charming young ladies luncheon last week in honor of Miss Mills of Hamilton.

The many friends of Mr. R. J. Walker, late of Messrs. Wyld, Grasset & Darling, will be pleased to hear that he has accepted a much more remunerative position with Messrs. S. Greenshields, Son & Co., of Montreal, where his intimates hope and confidently expect his ability will receive still further recognition.

Mrs. Alex. Cameron gave a charming little dinner of twelve on Thanksgiving night. Those present were: Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Miss Richards, the Misses Hugel, Miss Chittach, Dr. Macdonough, Mr. Martland, Mr. Drake, Mr. Edgar and Mr. Stewart.

Mrs. Charles Clifton Cameron (nee Pechell) will receive on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday next at 95 Borden street.

Mrs. McKinnon of Sherburne street gives a tea this afternoon.

The French Club passed a pleasant evening at the residence of Miss Howson, 16 Brunswick avenue, last Saturday. They will meet tonight at the residence of Mrs. Beard, 53 Alexander street.

The 'Varsity lawn was crowded last Wednesday afternoon with football enthusiasts to watch the Rugby match between Trinity and University teams, which, as we know, resulted in a victory for the latter club. It was a closely contested match, and the skillful playing by different members was rewarded with many cheers. Among those present were: Miss Cayley, Miss Hamilton, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. E. S. Stanton, Mr. Strathay, Mr. Gordon Mackay, Miss T. Mason, Mr. D. McCarthy, Mr. Goodwillie, a number of the faculty of Trinity, Mr. and the Misses Sloane, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. E. Tremayne. Students innumerable with a variety of horns furnished startling music intermingled with their melodious voices singing out "Varsity" and "Rouge et Noir," to the amusement of the throng of spectators.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne of Brantford are stopping at the Queen's Hotel. I was glad to hear that Mr. Osborne purposes purchasing a residence in Toronto.

Miss May Temple gave a charming tea some days since, at which I remarked: Miss Lottie Wood in black velvet with hat to match, Miss Ethel Baldwin, the Misses Parsons, Miss Trilzie Hoskins, in a becoming gown of steel gray; Miss E. Percy Beatty, Mrs. Temple (nee Skae), Mrs. Cameron, Miss Maule, the Misses Morphy, Miss Minnie Temple in a pretty brown dress, Mrs. Roberts and Miss Baldwin.

Mr. Orville D. Tait of Belleville College and Mr. A. Leslie Davidson of Toronto have returned from Orillia, where they were the guests of Mr. A. Tait.

A very pleasing event took place in Barrie on the eve of November 8, it being the marriage of Miss Florence, daughter of Mr. D. J. Murchison, to Mr. C. A. Wilson, all of Barrie, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Alex. Chafee, M.A., of Cobocook, cousin of the bride, in the presence of between twenty and thirty guests, immediate friends and relatives. The bridesmaid was Miss I. Chafee, cousin of the bride.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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This display of our stock during the past week has been much admired for excellence and intrinsic value. Inspection of stock and our quotations will certainly convince intending purchasers that we are offering the LARGEST STOCK OF FINE QUALITY STONES at the LOWEST PRICES. Xmas goods being received daily, it will well repay inspection. \$10,000.00 WORTH OF STERLING SILVER GOODS NOW IN STOCK. Our stock is the largest. QUALITY THE BEST and PRICES THE LOWEST.

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Old Styles and New.

WHAT is there that is new to say about tea-gowns? Simply this, that many of them, like ordinary dresses, have short capes, frills or flounces on the bodice to add width to the shoulders. Cashmere appears to be coming into favor again, and I have noticed a green tea-gown of this material, belted at the waist and bordered everywhere with brown feather trimming. A simpler and prettier gown was of mauve cashmere with many rows of narrow black watered ribbon arranged in a Vandyke sort of pattern on the lower part of the bodice and sleeves. The more elaborate gowns are a mixture of silk and velvet with lace adjuncts. One in greenish gold Ottoman silk had the inner half of the sleeve made of a beautiful, delicate-colored embroidery laid over velvet. It opened in a V at the neck and had pretty lace trailing down the front and a Watteau train.

I saw lately two or three distinct novelties. One was a shoulder wrap to wear at the opera, made of concertina-pleated white chiffon, ornamented with a *chiffon* ruche round the neck and a short lace cape. Then there are some lovely things in neckwear, made of *chiffon* and lace, which appeared to be entirely novel in the matter of shape. Nor could I help admiring the new gossams for ball gowns. One very pretty net, at a moderate price, was daintily embroidered with marguerites.

Never has the great subject of clothes been esteemed of such importance as at present. The probable revival of the 1830 modes is discussed by the fashion writers in the daily and weekly papers almost as if it were an affair of State. One writer, adopting the tone of a political speaker, talks in the loftiest way to "that portion of the community which comes under my special influence." It has always seemed to me rather strange that fashion chroniclers never find anything to complain of, because the bulk of novelties shown to me are so startling, so appallingly ugly. The 1830 dress is as hideous as any dress could be, and it is to be hoped that the struggle now going on between dress-makers and their customers will result in the latter's refusing to adopt it.

Table decorations are at present all French in design, and very graceful, light and elegant are the rococo ornaments—all curves and scrolls, with not a straight line anywhere—formed of orchids, delicate foliage, and light feathery grasses. The foundation of these ornaments—a thin frame of wicker or wire—is entirely lost sight of under its cover of ferns and flowers. The large ornaments are accompanied by wreaths, scrolls or bows, which are placed lightly on the cloth here and there. On one of the tables, arranged in a most ingenious manner on stands, are trees of light and waving ferns interspersed with large blooms of the loveliest form and color; and on another kiosks built of bloom and foliage, light, airy, elegant, and designs of rococo style in which the greens and ruddy browns of moss and creeper are blended (but never stiffly) with the loveliest blossoms. The florist has the true eye of the colorist, and does nothing mechanically. The art of his decorations seems, in fact, to lie in the apparent artlessness of their arrangement. Ribbon is used in a lavish manner for table adornments just now, but you rarely or never see it on posies. The latter are made of flowers and foliage only. Some charming bouquets worn at a recent wedding were made of Neapolitan violets, with showers of the same flowers falling from the holders. I must not omit to say that the most fashionable dinner tables are at present dressed with foliage and white or colored chrysanthemums. To me these autumn tables are far lovelier than those of any other season.

There are some amazing novelties in outdoor clothes, the most striking thing being, perhaps, a short-waisted long cloak in fawn bengaline cloth lined with crimson watered silk—the interior of all elaborate outdoor wraps is invariably made of richer stuff than the outside—embroidered with gold on the yoke and lower half of the sleeves, and trimmed across the bust and round the bottom with bands of sealskin. There are fur hats and bonnets to accompany cloaks, and an apotheosis of the 1830 poke is in sealskin trimmed with brown ribbon, and having a waving feather at one side. It has been designed to wear with a sealskin coat of the same period of three-quarter length, with a full skirt and tremendous sleeves. Every attempt is being made to revive purple, and though it is not popular yet it is almost sure to be in the spring. I saw a very handsome cloth coat in the shade known as bishop's purple, with collar and large full lapels of velvet the same shade, the lining being a purple and black silk. Muffs are to be immense this winter. A "granny" muff made to match a box was of sable adorned with three sables' heads. A most luxurious traveling cloak was in myrtle-green cloth arranged in two box pleats at the back and trimmed with a deep rolled collar of black mongolian. It was faced with the same fur, and opened over a tan cloth waistcoat trimmed with royal blue velvet applied in a kind of scroll pattern, the design being outlined with narrow silver braid.

Here is a delightful bonnet, presumably of the 1830 period, in buff-colored felt, trimmed with black ribbon and two black plumes. It is lined with emerald velvet and its becoming shape renders it exactly suitable for sweet twenty-one. One can imagine to what an extent it would set off the charms of a sweet young face. Indeed, the wearer of such a bonnet would be quite irresistible. LA MODE.

Our New Churches.

What do you think of them? Magnificent, grand, fine; their beauty pleases the eye, attracts your attention, and distracts your mind. There has been a brain new church dedicated near by us; nothing made over, spick, span, new, the nicest of nice stained glass windows. A lady remarked while we were gazing at them, "Take them out and what would there be left?" She was looking down and I was looking up, and I thought

there would be plenty left, for the ceiling seemed to be a mass of massive rafters. The building had the usual cupola on top and mortgage at the bottom.

Now, I wonder if we are in accord with this sort of church building? The majority must be or it would not be done. I like nice churches as well as anyone, but I am not in accord with building anything that should be so sacred as a church, with any weight like a mortgage that would keep it from getting very near heaven. And it generally has the same effect on the members and adherents—it has a tendency with them to make them of the earth, earthy. All churches should be free of debt before they are dedicated to God; and I don't believe they are dedicated to God unless they are free of encumbrance. I believe the devil holds first mortgage; yes, and second mortgage if there is one, and he generally forecloses every time the church board has a meeting.

I wish all places of worship were built within the means at command, and if more funds came afterward let there be additions and improvements as much and as beautiful as you can buy. Even if you can get money borrowed on a ninety-nine years' lease or mortgage, or whatever term may be used, from Edinburgh or Edinburgh, with the Scotch accent, or from England with the Hinglish H, they want their interest just the same. I don't like to see Christianity getting into debt with the world the way it is doing these days. LIZ.

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Heavy cloth skirt, with frill, fine goods, \$1.75, \$3.
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Silk skirt, navy, garnet, grey, lined with flannel, \$3.
Skirts, fancy striped satin, lined, \$6.50, \$7.50.
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The Comet flour sifter, only 14c. Mrs. Fott's best polished iron, 60c.

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Baby's own soap, 10c. per cake; Fishland boxes, 3 cakes 10c; Gem bouquet, 5c; Castile, 4c. cake; Wolfe's acme shoe polish, 10c.

Finely cloth bound books of the works of all the great authors, 10c.; paper covered books, 5c. and 7c.; Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, \$1.25.

Note paper, 7c. for 24 sheets; good square envelopes, 4c. per package.

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is in most cases produced by the aid of artistic hair dressing. The lovely hair styles for ladies' wear in Bangs, Wavelets and Switches have been very much admired by all who visited Dorenwend's during the Fair. Ladies and gentlemen requiring Hair Goods Coverings should not miss seeing the magnificent selection. Ladies can have their hair dressed, shampooed, cut, singed, dyed, bleached, etc., on the premises by competent artists.

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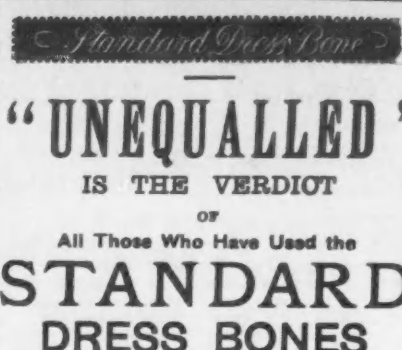
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TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ENGAGEMENT RING THAT WAS GOLD.

It was a busy time with John Crane, and at first when the new consideration of Pollie Jeaters' future had to be faced he felt as though all he had to do before leaving for America could not be accomplished by delay. The documents in connection with the loan from Wrighton & Fry on the Viaduct and the deed of partnership between himself and Ben Sherwin could be got ready within a week; his own preparations for the voyage could be completed at the same time, so there was nothing to prevent his leaving England in ten days.

He was going to New York first, and there he was to find out the best way of reaching Vera Pax, a place of which he could learn little or nothing, but he had ascertained that such a place existed, but no one seemed to know anything of it. If it had been a seaport he could have found out all that was to be known of it, but it lay inland somewhere in the neighborhood of the Yucatan peninsula. At one time it bore to him the appearance of a town, and then of a district and a town in one. Even its very name did not always seem the same. His memory of his uncle's letter made the place Vera Pax; he found no Vera Pax on several maps he consulted. On one he discovered Vera Pax, and another had Santa Pax, which looked an impossible kind of name for any place or thing, except the nominator was a joker or a lunatic.

The news of his uncle's death, and the intelligence that Arthur Stebbing left all he died worth to John Crane, his nephew, had come from one George Pounder Crook, of whom Crane had never heard in all his life before. Crook, who seemed to have been a friend of the dead man, wrote evidently in the belief that Crane and nephew had corresponded, and that Crane knew all about the matter. No doubt the letter for three years, and knew only what his uncle's letter of three years back had told him. Crook's letter had the brevity of a telegram. It was written at San Salvador. It told the young man that the man was on his way to Shanghai. The part of interest to Crane ran: "If you have not heard the melancholy news already, you will be shocked to know that your uncle Arthur passed away last Friday week in Vera Pax. I have often heard him say that everything he possessed was to go to you. Owing to the condition of this unhappy place you can do nothing towards establishing your rights or getting possession of the property unless you are on the spot, so that you will have to come here, and the sooner you set out the better."

Crane was not daunted or discouraged by the difficulties in front of him. His resolute and confident nature did not care for easy things. He did not seek obstacles for the mere pleasure of overcoming them, but when the obstruction was worth overcoming he merely pulled himself together and began the assault. He had no promptings towards adventure, but having made up his mind that it was good to go on, and that it was possible to go on, he would go on so long as he continued undisturbed. His uncle had left him some property, money, or both. He wanted money to develop his business with a view to marrying Edith Orr, and he would go to Vera Pax or anywhere else that man could go for money. He was young, intelligent, and in sound health. Nothing short of a physical bar should stay him. No doubt the journey and the experience would interest him, but such considerations were by the way, and had no influence in determining him to set out on the expedition.

The unexpected discovery of Pollie Jeaters (or as she wished to be known for the future, Fannie Blackwood) in her deplorable condition introduced new matter into his consideration and arrangements. Fortunately he could provide the best of all asylums for her. Where could a poor wrecked being find safer haven and more kindly hands of succor in distress than at Muscovy place, with kindly, sympathetic Mrs. Orr, and her beautiful daughter, whose full spirit had the calm of sunny hills.

Until the evening that Crane proposed to Edith Orr there had never been a word of the private life of either between them. Since then they had so many matters of the present and future to discuss that Pollie Jeaters' name had not been mentioned by Crane. He was glad of the fact now, for if Pollie desired to be called no longer by either of her old names, it would be just as well Edith had never heard of her by either.

The morning after his meeting with Pollie at Mrs. Natchbrook's, he told Edith of the cousin he had not seen or heard of for years, and of the deplorable condition and circumstances in which he had found her. The unhappy woman, said he, "does not wish ever again to be reminded of her life before her marriage, or of her married life, and she has begged me never again to call her by her maiden name, or by that of the man who I am sure treated her too shamefully for words to say. She wishes to be known as Fannie Blackwood, the name of one of her family long ago."

"Of course," said Edith gravely, "if I ever meet her I shall know her as Fannie Blackwood, and I shall be acquainted with no more of her story than she cares to tell me."

"Then," said he, "I shall put on your hat and we shall go see her at once. Will you tell her about you and she is anxious to make your acquaintance."

Edith ran out of the shop, upstairs, and came back in a few minutes ready for walking.

"By the way," said Crane to Mrs. Orr, before they set out, "has your lodger come back since?"

"No," said the mother, "and somehow I feel he won't come now. Perhaps he heard that his portmanteau burst open and we found the rope for the robbery."

"I don't think it is likely he heard that," said Crane. "I did not tell anyone of it, or go to the police. You see we had nothing but our suspicions, and it is very dangerous to act on mere suspicion. If he comes you must say that he can't have the rooms. Then let him take his legal remedy if he chooses."

"Oh, he's sure to come or send. He is not going to make us a present of his watch as well as the portmanteau. What I meant by his not coming was that he will not claim the lodgings."

"If he does, whether I am here or not, you must refuse to let him in. From what I saw of him he does not look like a man likely to have honest business in this place. He looks to me too much of a fop for Furham. The clerks in the Arsenal would no more think of taking lodgings in Muscovy place than of going to sea before the mast. Edward Fancourt, take my word for it, is hereabouts for no good to this neighborhood."

The day was fine, and Edith suggested that for a change Crane and she should walk to Verdon and take the free steam ferry to the Isle of Dogs. The steam ferry at the Isle of Dogs is a diminutive river boat which takes passengers alone. It is no more like the Furham ferry, with huge upper deck capable of accommodating the horses, men, guns, limbers, caissons and tumbrels of a battery of artillery, and lower deck with room for a battalion of infantry, than a gazelle is like an elephant.

"I never went across the river by the Verdon ferry," said Crane, "and I am not sure that I know where it is."

"Oh, I've been across it," said she. "I'll take

care of you and show you the way."

"My cousin is in a low and wretched condition, as you may imagine. She has no look of the pretty girl I once remember her—she was down-right pretty once. She is very young to be done with her life. There never was a child, and I don't see what she has to look forward to."

"What was she before she married?" said the girl, looking with calm steadfast eyes at him.

"In a draper's or milliner's at Hoxton. It is most unfortunate that I should be going away just now. I have time to make no arrangement about her."

"Let her come to us—to mother and me at Muscovy place."

"I did think of that. I came over this morning with the intention of asking you if you would take her. If she might stay with you I should go away perfectly at rest about her. She is only my cousin, but then she is my only living relative now, and if she has been cast off by her husband there is no one else for her to look to but me."

"Why do you take such trouble to convince me? I do not need convincing, Jack. I was convinced the moment I heard her history," said the girl quietly.

"I know that. I am not trying to convince you. I am only talking my mind aloud. You see, when my uncle died and left me all and her nothing, he made his will in the belief I was not well off, and that she had married a rich man. Whether her husband was, or is rich, does not matter now, for she says she will never even listen to his name again. It is not likely she would take an allowance from a man whose name she will not bear. If my uncle had only lived to hear of her misfortune, it is certain he would have done something for her—some for her—leave her half, or more than half. I shall take care that she will be no worse off than if he had lived to hear of her misery."

"Yes, Jack," said the girl on his arm. "I would have said something of this kind to you, but I knew I need not. I knew you would think of all I could think of. You are not so much speaking your thoughts aloud as giving words to mine."

"Yes, dear, for you are my heart, and speaking to you is only putting my mind into words for my heart to listen to. This is the way sweethearts ought to be."

"We go this way," said the girl, leading the way to the right.

It was a quiet street; not a soul was in view. A covered van stood at a door a little way down the street, but the driver was not to be seen.

When the two lovers got between the van and the door, Crane put his arm softly round the girl's neck and drew her head towards him, whispering as he kissed her: "My darling, I always knew you were my heart, but you are growing to be my spirit, my body, myself. He kissed her again."

"Not so loud, sonny; not so loud. You'll frighten my horse," said a voice.

Edith and Crane started and turned round, and saw a huge form coming from the doorway in front of which the van was drawn up. The man had a large basket of dust and charred rubbish on his back.

Edith and Crane laughed in confusion. The man winked and nodded knowingly, saying: "I won't tell you if you don't tell of the blessed authorities. You didn't expect to find me here, and I didn't expect to find you or anyone else here. Young man, you're all right. You got what you wanted down here. Well, I'm trying to earn a dollar. I'm sweeping and cleaning up this old barracks. It's against rules, but I was going to leave this basket of rubbish in the river. It's only burnt paper and rags, and if you don't tell on me I won't tell on you, and my name is Digby, and I'm an honorable man."

"Very good," said Crane. "It's a bargain. I won't tell. They have been walking down the quiet street behind Digby. At the end of the street rose a railing, and to the left lay a parapet, and at the other side of the parapet the Thames.

Digby rested his basket on the parapet and flung the charred contents into the river.

"What is that large building out of which the man with the basket came?" asked Crane.

"Oh, that's the St. Vincent Hotel. You know it was a failure and has been shut up for years."

"I think I remember reading something about it," said he, glancing over his paper at the mass of floating charred paper and rags in the water.

He looked up and down Museum terrace. There was not a soul in view. "By the way," said Crane, "I have made something for you. Take off your glove—the glove of your left hand."

She did as he was told.

On the third finger of her hand he slipped a plain gold ring with a gold shield, and on the shield the words: "This woman keeps my heart." John Crane.

She read what was on it, and her eyes filled with tears. "You are what my mother called you," she said.

"What was that?"

"My man."

To hide her happy tears from him she turned her eyes once more upon the water.

The ashes of Pollie Stebbing's wedding dress had disappeared.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WEDDING RING THAT WAS DROSS.

When Edith and Crane reached Mrs. Natchbrook's they found that good woman wearing a long and woeeful face. The young lady, who now gave the name of Fannie instead of Pollie, was not as well as before the gentleman called yesterday. No doubt the excitement of the gentleman's visit had been too much for the poor broken-hearted child.

Oh yes, the lady and gentleman could see Mrs. Blackwood (she had now given her other name), but it was doubtful if any good could come of the interview, for the poor afflicted creature could hardly be induced to utter a word.

When the two visitors were shown into the room where the patient lay, they found her in her old position, on her back, with her eyes fixed on the blank ceiling. She merely moved her eyes on their entrance, and then once more returned to her stare at the ceiling.

"I have brought Edith with me to see you, Fannie, dear. I told you of Edith Orr, who I am going to marry when I come back. She and her mother will take care of you while I am away."

Edith had sat down by the head of the bed and taken the sick woman's hand in her own.

"Yes," said a thin, weak, husky voice from the bed.

"And to-day, or the first day you are strong enough to be moved, you will be brought to Edith and her mother's place at the other side of the water."

"Where?" said the prostrate woman, removing her eyes from the ceiling and looking at her visitors with the first gleam of interest.

"Muscovy place, Furham."

"Near Verdon?" said Pollie, raising herself slowly on her elbow and glancing from one to the other with round, wide-open eyes of horror.

"Yes."

She sat up fully, and with one hand brushing the hair out of her eyes stretched out the other towards them and whispered: "I'd rather you put me back in the river where they found me

than take me to Furham or Verdon."

"But, my dear," said he gently, "you would be with friends, and you need be afraid of no one there."

At Verdon or Furham my enemies would kill me slowly, surely, cruelly."

"Your enemies, dear! They could not get at you. I should leave you in safe and most trustworthy hands," said Crane, with a secret glance at Edith.

"Not all the soldiers of the Queen could save me from the enemies I have in Verdon and Furham. Can you or anyone else protect a woman from the memories of a lost love?"

"You shall not go there if you do not like, my dear," said Crane very tenderly. "You shall stay here or you shall come to my place at this side of the river, or you shall go to some other district if you prefer it."

"I wish," Pollie said, falling back exhausted, "I could go beyond all, for I have gone beyond all. My life is over. My love has left me. My life is dead."

"Jack has told me all," said Edith, speaking for the first time "except what you do not wish told to anyone. Let us hope love may come back."

"What dies once never comes back to life again—love least of all. But I do not wish to speak of this now. I do not wish to speak of any more. It is good at night and in the morning for a poor spent thing. You are at the beginning of life, and I am at the end of it."

"The end of life! Oh, no! Why, you are no older than myself. You will live many a year yet."

"I have no child, and the man who took me in his arms for love's sake has pushed me from him. He does not want me any longer. He is tired of me. He may love another. I do not care about that. You love your sweetheart and he loves you. He is with you in your nature, like your mother or your soul, or the blood of your heart. That the way I loved him anyway. Do you love less?"

"No," whispered Edith, pressing the hand she held, and blinding with her tears.

"Very well. If you love until love is all the world, and your love is all you, and then your love goes from you, what business have you with life? What is the good of walking up and down through life hungry for love, empty for love? I talk to you, for you are a woman in love and know what I say, or you are no woman and worthy of no man's love. I have no intellect, but I have a heart, and I know I have no arts or manners or accomplishments. I have nothing but the power to love, and some few good looks to draw eyes to me. I am weak in all things, but in love I seemed stronger than anything only human could be. I am stronger, stronger, stronger than all things put together. I did believe that by some mysterious power of my love (the way of which I do not know), my love could draw him to me from the other end of the earth, could put life back into him if he were dead. And yet when he tired of me he walked away from me, like any other man. Edith Orr, what business have you that the man you love may never walk away from you and leave you empty?"

"Oh, he could not," said Edith Orr. "I should hold him back. I should beg him on my knees to stay with me."

"A man," said the voice from the bed, "can walk away if every step he took drew your heart's blood from you. I know it. Men are not like women. No woman who can love at all can love twice. My head is reeling. I can see no daylight now. Is the sun gone off? Or am I in the dim darkness of that last night I hear the water in my ears. The water of the hateful Thames. The pit lies before me, and something moves me towards it from behind. Frank, save me!"

She had fainted.

Crane stole out of the room and sent Mrs. Natchbrook upstairs. In half an hour that good woman came down saying Mrs. Blackwood had come to herself, and appeared more reasonable and natural than at any time since she first found shelter under that roof.

"She asked your young lady to kiss her and forget what she had said, and it was beautiful to see the two of them like most loving sisters after one coming back from foreign parts, a place they tell me you're going, sir, among the niggers, sir, and them that ought to be niggers, sir, and I did not know she did take the daughters of others to rival them," said Mrs. Natchbrook, with a distracting wealth of confusion.

While Crane was waiting for Edith to explain the difficulty he found himself in about Fannie, and after some resistance on that point the generous woman's part, they came to a business arrangement, by which Pollie was to be provided with clothes and food and lodgings, all of the good woman's providing, until his return from among the haunts of the heathen savages of Central America.

When Edith appeared she promised to call next day on the patient again, and that the visitors took their leave, having won the good graces of Mrs. Natchbrook.

"That was a terrible scene," said Crane, as they walked towards his place in North Furham. "It would make many a woman on whom the engagement ring was not yet warm wonder whether she had not better fling it into the Thames."

"It might have such an effect on a woman who did not very well know her own mind or the mind of her own man," said Edith soberly.

"Take off your glove—the glove of your left hand."

"All misfortunes in love come of wrong estimates of one as other," said Crane.

"All," said she.

"If I were not absolutely sure of myself, Edie, I never would have spoken to you."

"And," said she, "if there was any flattery in the way you spoke to me I should not have been so sure of my happiness. I remember seeing somewhere that when unwise people come to London to seek their fortunes they take rooms on the first floor; they end in the garret. The wise people begin in the garret and end on the first floor. You began with the prove Jack; but it was the fine simple prose of a man who was not afraid of himself or in doubt of himself."

"Do you know what you are doing now, Edie?"

"What?"

"I dare say," said she with a bright smile. "As you do not begin I must lead the way. Life is not all rain any more than it is all sunshine."

"All life is love," said she, "where life is love."

When they reached Water Lane, Ben Sherwin was very indignant that in the absence of any warning of their coming he should be found unshaven, wearing his apron and with greasy and blackened hands. "Honest toil," said he, "is a fine thing to write about, but I don't think anyone bothers much to praise honest dirt. The horny-handed son is, no doubt, a worthy fellow, but even in a circus I don't think anyone ever tried to get applause out of the black-handed, fish-oil fat of the watchmaker."

Crane put Edith aboard the great ferryboat, and, as he was bidding her good-bye, said, "Now I am going to plunge into the full tide of my preparations for going, dear. You are not likely to see too much of me between this and the time I start. I hope you will not come to me when I return, but I shall see too much of me then. Anyway, acting on your principle of beginning in the garret and opening love with prose, you and I are going to have our first separation before marriage."

"Our first and only," said she, with a smile. "I am not likely to be tempted to wander in my mind while I am away. I am not the kind of man that women make love to. I am not good-looking, and I fear I am a trifle heavy. Don't you think I am doing a very heroic thing in leaving you behind me?"

"Do you know what you are doing now, Jack?"

"What?"

"I am not likely to be tempted to wander in my mind while I am away. I am not the kind of man that women make love to. I am not good-looking, and I fear I am a trifle heavy. Don't you think I am doing a very heroic thing in leaving you behind me?"

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"Do you know what you are doing now, Jack?"

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Jack?"

"What?"

"Making love to me," and with a low laugh she shook her head at him and tripped about the great, grimy ferryboat.

As the boat moved away from the shore a man came towards her and raised his hat, saying, "How fortunate I am to meet Miss Orr."

"Oh, Mr. Fancourt, you startled me," said she, with a sudden loss of her good spirits and serenity.

"I am on my way," said he airily, "to take up my new lodgings at 8 Muscovy place."

(To be Continued.)

His Appearance Deceived.

"Speaking of hunting," said a hunter, "reminds me of a little fun I had some four or five years ago."

"Three of us, more or less sportsmen and all jolly fellows, were stopping at a small place on the eastern shore of Lake St. Clair. It was in November, and the ducks were pretty thick. We did some great shooting. I can tell you."

"One day the landlord announced that a nephew of his, a young man just over from England, was coming up for a few weeks' sport, and he guessed we'd find him pretty near a dandy on the shoot."

"Well, pretty soon the young fellow arrived, and our first glimpse of him decided everything. The boys said they didn't believe he had ever seen a wild duck, much less shot one."

He was one of your swell hunters, all togged out in corduroy jacket and his top boots, with one of those patent reversible fore-and-aft caps and a pair of eye-glasses astride his nose. He showed us his gun, a double-barreled pistol grip thing, and showed a pile on its fine quality, and at the wonderful execution he could do with it. "It came from England, you know."

"Would he go after ducks with us in the morning? Oh, yaas, he fancied he would, though it wouldn't be much sport, he was accustomed to shooting woodcock, and ducks flew so easily slow."

"Well, we fixed things up among ourselves that night. We picked out some of our oldest decoys and anchored them out in a bayou a short distance from the shore, then turned in for the night."

Our friend was up bright and early next morning and was anxious to show his skill. We made some excuse about not being quite ready, but told him that if he would go over to yonder bayou he might get a shot before breakfast. He put off with much splashing of paddles and great show of caution and was soon out of sight in the reeds. Allowing him time to reach our decoys, we followed and soon heard the sharp bang! bang! of his gun. Before we could reach him we heard another double report. Exploding with laughter at our success we hastened to the spot."

"Did he fill the decoys with lead?"

"No! Say, he had bagged four as pretty canvas-bags as you ever saw."—Detroit Free Press.

The Tragic Fate of Eloping Lovers

"The most pathetic scene I ever witnessed," said Judge H. L. Galloway of Texas, "was a third of a century ago, but it is as plain to my eyes to-day as it was then. We had been bothered by horse thieves down on the frontier, and you know what that means in a wild country. A crowd of us started out after the second day, and just before we reached the Rio Grande we saw two horsemen off to the left, who acted suspiciously. After them we went, and it was a pretty race for a while till they disappeared behind a clump of trees. We had shot to stop them, and when we got in sight again we found that one horse had been shot and they had deserted him, while both were riding the other. They were evidently Mexicans—a man and a boy—and the man showed fight, turning and firing at us, finally hitting our deputy sheriff. We gained on them rapidly and presently a well directed fire sent them all in heap."

"When we reached them the boy was kneeling in front of the dying Mexican, sobbing and moaning as if her heart would break, while her hair, which had fallen from her cap, fell below her waist. It was a case of elopement, and they had taken us for her father's servants, while we had been equally stupid and had taken them for horse thieves. When he began to gasp she drew a little pearl-handled revolver, and before anyone could think of stopping her, placed the muzzle under her ear and fell into his arms, a corpse. No, we never heard who they were. We buried them and went after the horse thieves."

He Chose His Weapon.

The officials of a country police court were startled one day to see a man walk into the court with an enormous axe over his shoulder. He glanced fiercely around him, as if he expected to be attacked. Ultimately the clerk of the court ventured to ask him why he was armed with so formidable a weapon. The man replied that his summons told him to be provided with the means of defence, and he considered that an axe would do for that purpose.

He Was the Man.

Ricketts—Who are you sneezing at? Skids (with repeated stertoratory paroxysms)—At choo! at choo!

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Mat's Husband.

She doubtless had a woman's reason for marrying him. That kind of reason may not satisfy other people, but it is invariably sufficient for the feminine reasoner.

Sam Toms was what is called "wuthless" by his Texan neighbors. Old Bill Bunn, his father-in-law, himself not a very energetic or useful citizen, used to sit on the steps at the cross-roads store and publicly bewail his sad lot in having Sam for a member of his family. Bill had a dramatic style of delivery that was very fetching, and invariably impressed strangers as being very much in earnest.

He would sit on the steps, silently chewing an enormous mouthful of tobacco and apparently listening to the conversation of his co-loafers. If Sam's name was mentioned, he would give vent to four or five little falsetto squeaks, which found egress through his nose; then he would draw in a long breath, puff out his fat cheeks, purse his mouth, and give a heavy, whistling sigh; this would be followed by a large quantity of tobacco juice, carefully aimed at some object in the vicinity. These preliminaries accomplished, Bill would lean to his feet, thrust one fat, dirty hand into his shirt front, wave the other in a sweeping gesture as he lowered his eyes and rolled his head sadly from side to side, and deliver himself profoundly, after the following fashion:

"Ah-hum! That Sam Toms is th' laziest, mos' shifless, onery, triflin' cuss I ever seed—no yere I've done got 'im fr a son-a-law. Hm-hm-hm!" Another whistling sigh would close this peroration, and old Bill would resume his seat, still shaking his head sorrowfully.

And Bill was more than half right. Nominally, Sam was a cowboy; but most of the time he would tell you he was "jes' layin' off a spell, 't rest up like."

He had always been just so—distinguished for laziness in an easy-going community—and nobody expected him ever to be otherwise; and it puzzled people immensely when energetic, capable Mattie Bunn accepted him for "reg'lar comp'ny," to say nothing of the sensation created by their wedding.

Mat, as has been suggested, probably had some reason for marrying Sam; but it is quite certain that she never told anyone what that reason was. Sam was tall, and big, and handsome in his careless, slouchy way; he had always managed, no one knew how, to wear good clothes, too. These facts, and his personal good nature and friendly ways, were the only points in his favor. Against him were the points so forcibly taken by his father-in-law, and, also, that he got drunk whenever he could possibly do so, and was morally so weak that anyone could easily lead him astray.

How Mat and Sam got along, no one but Mat knew. Once in a great while Sam would come to work and earn a few dollars. If he got home with it without stopping at the saloon, well and good. But, oftener than not, he would "drop in jes' t' take a nip 'r two," and that would settle it. At such times he would stay and buy drinks for everybody present while his money lasted. Then he would come home in a maudlin, tearful state of intoxication, and invent some tale to account for his condition and the disappearance of his money, winding up with the promise never to let it happen again. And Mat would pretend that she believed him, and would say so to his face until he fell asleep. Then she would look at the handsome scamp for a few minutes with love unutterable in her eyes—the tired eyes back of which were a world of unshed tears. But she never complained—not the first word; the firm-set mouth and steady gaze might indicate ever so much, but her lips never expressed it. And Sam gradually grew more and more useless and shiftless, trusting to his wife's ready wit and fertility of resource to carry them both over the bad places.

There were lots of bad places, too. Twice Sam ran into debt several dollars at the saloon, and Mat found some means to pay it for him, only herself knowing how. But the second time she informed the saloon man that he must trust Sam no more. And besides these things, to live—how did they do it? Nobody could guess. Perhaps even Mat herself could not have told; yet it was they who existed—and for the most part, kept out of debt.

Sam sometimes worked, but never for very long. He always found some excuse for leaving a place within a few days. He could always find another job easily enough, for he was an excellent "hand" when he chose to be so; but he did not hasten about finding a new job when he had given one up; not until they were reduced to the very last straits could Mat get him to hunting work again.

One day Sam left home for a ranch about thirty-five miles distant, where he had heard they wanted help. Two days passed—three—four—five—and no word came from him. Mat was not a little worried, and when Sam had often been away for two weeks at a time without sending word to her. But this time it was different; there was no excuse for his not sending a message, as the stage came by the ranch he had gone to three times a week. If he had found work there, he would have sent word, and he had given one up; not until they were reduced to the very last straits could Mat get him to hunting work again.

The old fellow was standing in the doorway, talking to a couple of strangers. "No," he was saying, "they ain't be'n no person 'long yere, las' few days, but what blongs yere. Mebbe, though, he mout a be'n seed over yere 't Bacon's. Ben that? No! W-a-l, my boy's comin' in 'm that purty soon, an' he'll tell ye. Come in an' feed; Jack'll be yere right soon."

Mat stayed to help her mother with the supper, and during the course of the meal learned that the two strangers were officers trailing a horse-thief, who had stolen a valuable horse at a ranch forty miles east and sold it at Picket Station, and who was believed to have come this way.

As she listened to the conversation, a sudden nameless fear came upon her, making her feel faint and ill. As soon as supper was over she took her shawl and hurried home. Somehow she was not surprised to find the door opened. She entered hastily. Sam was in bed, asleep and breathing stertorously. He had evidently been drinking, as his clothes were scattered about the floor, and Mat, looking out the back door, could see his pony standing patiently where Sam had left him, waiting for someone to come and feed him. Mat leaned over the sleeping man and kissed him gently, her eyes full of love. Then she turned to pick up his clothes and put them away. The trousers were heavy, and something jingled in one of the pockets. Instinctively Mat thrust her hand into it, and drew it forth, clasping several gold pieces. As she did so her eyes opened wide, and she stood as if stunned for a time, her heart chilled with the same strange fear that had stricken her awhile ago and impelled her to hurry home.

"Sam! Sam!—wake up!" she almost screamed. The man turned over and looked at her stupidly. "H'lo, M-mat! Yere, be ye? Gimme kiss," he said in a dull tone. "Not till ye tell me what ye done got these yere things!" Mat's voice sounded broken and shrill.

Sam sat up and rubbed his head, looking at her in drunken wonder. "W-w-y, them—them thar, honey?" She shook him fiercely, and said in a lower tone—a tone of earnest force: "Tell me, Sam Toms, what ye done got these yere coins! Quick, now!"

Her tone partially sobered the man, whose eyes opened wider as he asked querulously: "What'n h—ye so agitated me 'bout? I ain't done nothin'!" And he laughed in a half-drunken, half-nervous way.

"Sam! what did ye git 'em?"

"He sat dumbly staring at her.

"Sam!" her voice was full of horror, "did you steal that?"

No answer; but Mat saw by his eyes she had guessed the truth. Slowly the coins fell from

Charity.



Farmer (emerging from shadow of hen-house)—Hold on there, you old rascal! I saw you coming an' I jest thought you wouldn't be able to go by that pullet.

"Rastus—Go by dat pullet? No, sah—reckon not, sah! I've got some human'ty in me, sah. Yo' didn't s'pose I cud see a po' chicken roost out a freezin' night laik dis, did yo'?"—Judge.

her hand to the floor; slowly her head bent forward until her face touched the pillow. For minutes she did not move—not until Sam, who had been staring at her wonderingly, reached out his big hand and laid it caressingly on her head. Then she sprang to her feet, her hot eyes glaring, and her form trembling with anger and horror. She did not speak, but fixed her gaze on his face for a few seconds. He did not meet her look, and presently she turned and ran out of the door.

Sam, almost sober now, called after her, but she did not answer. He got out of bed slowly and started to dress himself. He had almost finished, when Mat, accompanied by her father and the two strangers, returned.

"Thar he is—an thar's the money," she said, and passed on out through the back door without looking at Sam.

There was a jail at the cross-roads; it was a primitive affair, but solid and substantial. It was a dugout in the sidewalk, and had a heavy oak door and great steel hinges and lock. It was plenty strong enough to hold a dozen men, all anxious to escape—and Sam Toms did not try to escape. He only sat still in the low, damp, darksome room and tried to understand how it had all happened. It must be a drunken dream—but, no, he was almost sober, and knew where he was and how and why he was there. But—he could not understand. Had Mat—was it really Mat, who had given him up? There must be some mistake.

The big, strong man finally began to realize it all. He lay down on the bunk and cried himself to sleep, like a child.

It must have been about one o'clock in the morning when someone silently entered the house of old Bill Bunn, constable. This someone entered by the back door, went stealthily into the room where Bill and his wife slept, rummaged about a few minutes, and then emerged from the house. It was a woman, and she had something in her hand.

Sam Toms was awakened a little after this by a rattling, jarring sound. He sprang up, just as the big oak door swung back and revealed the figures of a woman and two saddle horses.

"Come fr ye, Sam," said the woman, with a sob. "I done brung both ponies an' ou' clo'es. L's go, Sam; we'n git 'cros' th' rivah befo' mawnin'. Come!"

He clasped her in his arms, and they clung to each other a little while. Then Mat said, more steadily:

"Come, Sam. L's go o'vah 't Mexico—an' mebbe we'n try 'n do better ovah thar."

And they rode forth in the bright, free moonlight, down towards the Rio Grande—into a new and better life.—R. L. Ketchum, in *The Argonaut*.

A Couple of Tricks.

Like other great men, Tennyson was pestered by correspondents. A lady once got his autograph in a clever manner. She wrote to him that she could not understand the meaning of one of his poems, and the poet's answer to her was:

"Dear Madam, I merely supply poetry to the English people, not brains. Yours obediently, Alfred Tennyson." On another occasion a gentleman wrote to him asking his advice about some literary work, but failed to get any reply to his letter. He wrote again and again, until twenty letters had been sent. At last came this reply: "Dear Sir,—It is a fact, alas! but no fancy, that half my letters are unopened."

The Wisdom of Prevention.
Mr. Tricure (anxiously)—My dear boy, what a dreadful cold you have!

Mr. Strongman—Yes, I get a cold now and then. My only ailment.

Poor Boy!

"Do you study grammar?" asked a strange lady of a little boy she met on the train.

"No'm," he replied; "she's dead."

An Enemy Devoured.



City Missionary—You say you hate work or anything that works.
The One of Leisure—Yes; down with it!
City Missionary—But still you like liquor—something that ferments—works.
The One of Leisure—Then, as I said before, down with it!—Puck.

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Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphologies studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

NANCY L.—You are impulsive, warm-hearted, true and direct, slightly original and rather self-willed, somewhat fond of romance, constant in affection and careful of details.

THIS BRAR—I am sorry, dear Bear, but your writing is so undecided that it cannot be delineated just now, besides which, Oh, growler! you forgot your coupon.

MILL OR THE FLYING—This is rather an uncultured study, but has some capital traits, perseverance and desire for perfection and completeness in anything you undertake; good temper, honesty and truth, love of home, sympathy and benevolence.

CARLETON.—You are prudent, generous, frank and honest, with sense of humor and rather a lack of intuition. I think it is hardly fair to say more, as your study, though of excellent penmanship, is quite in a transition state. If you don't make a fine woman I shall be surprised.

SARAH MARIA—1. You and Growler are a splendid pair of studies. The coupon was exactly right. 2. You are clever, bright, frank, communicative, independent and original; have pluck and perseverance, and while somewhat fond of ease and soft corners, have no lazy bones.

MULTANAH—Large energy and imagination, great desire for approbation, indifferent and over-frank speech, generous and amiable nature, great affection, love of ease, excellent decision and a slight tendency to egotism. I think you are prudent in affairs, but not so careful as you might be over details; have sympathy and some tact.

YOUNG TRULY.—This is not a very eloquent study. Writer is an impulsive, generous, inexperienced person, with possibilities of temper and judgment which time will improve. At the same time she is capable, affectionate, decided and consistent, lacks intuitive perception, but wouldn't willingly hurt anyone's feelings.

GROWLER.—This is a clever, self-seeking and capable person of very vital humor, and uncertain moods, alternately buoyant and depressed, and full of appreciation of fun and able to enjoy life, unable to take himself unless just in the humor; extreme frankness and honesty, mingled with discretion and constant study, which is strong and attractive, though very headstrong and uncontrolled.

JAY.—Your kind hints as to your character, are, I am afraid, a little misleading. You are witty and fond of society, rather given to self-indulgence, fond of change and not so reliable in action. Your writing is a little very strong but your endurance is not in proportion, you are adaptable and good-tempered, fond of beauty, self-willed, with plenty of energy, hope, and though impatient, still pretty sure to succeed in what you set your heart upon.

CRUEL.—This is rather an enterprising and bright individual, fond of praise, given to posing and with very strong ideas and probably prejudiced opinions. Extreme persistence and tenacity, but a somewhat original method of action and very great attention to the little things of life, mingled with some mistrust and strong love for number one are shown. If I should fancy the writer rather courageous and optimistic.

RELIANCE.—1. If you want to purchase the book write to McKenna, Yonge street, Toronto. He can procure almost any book you want. 2. Your writing is rather uncertain at times, but to all intents and purposes, it shows impatience and love of action, rather good consistency and honor, some lack of hope and variable spirits, therefore, it is a little lacking for sympathy and praise. You are aware to change in associations, but can adapt yourself to circumstances, and are a little temperamental at times.

KARE OSBORNE.—You have good imagination, rather poor intuitive perception, rather an uncultured but strong and love of the beautiful evident. In many respects, particularly as to temperament, this study much resembles Elizabeth, but her power of adapting herself to circumstances is quite wanting in this study. 2. Another quotation is more the correct one, I think:

"Shadows we, mere shadows pursuing, Swiftly to our own undoing."

But the same sentiment has been expressed in several different ways.

WALTER.—It is hardly fair to size up a character from left hand writing, as there is a lack of power in such studies and a sort of deliberation which does not exist in the nature of the writer. Your very fair orthography shows hope and perseverance, excellent temper and good judgment, love of beauty, sympathetic feeling, modesty and desire for perfection, good discretion and fair energy. Adaptability and candor are also marked, with capability of self-sacrifice and some vivacity, but the impression is rather of a self-contained than effusive character. The nature, however, is neither petty nor formal, being rather apt to pass over imperfections of detail lightly, if the general effect be good. An easy person to live with, aren't you?

BERNARD.—For some of your answers see 3, to Agnita D. You are a more original and stronger character than here; in fact, I should think you were the suggester of the writing of these letters. Your temper is not so good, but your insight is keener and your decision excellent. You are a good writer now, but no doubt practice will give you a more complete style. There are different sorts of poor writing; some apparently bad specimens are so characteristic that they are the delight of a graphologist, while some attractive-looking ones are his bane.

You have great ambition, originality and a bright intelligence, are cautious and modest, rather optimistic, of excellent judgment and rather conversational. I don't think you admire lazy folks. 4. Yes, I have several correspondents in California.

NELLIE B. S.—1. That is rather a queer question, Nellie. You want to know the surest way of securing the acquaintance of a lady of whom you are extremely fond? Is this, then, the surest way? I am sure it is. 2. Your letter is not so good, viz: to have some mutual friend introduce you? 3. I don't think a continued shower of presents would kindle affection in any independent woman's heart. 3. If a person does not answer your letters, and you have no hope that they will, I should think the only thing to be done would be to let the correspondence drop. It is both undignified and absurd to pursue a lady who shows she does not desire an intimacy. 4. By the time I had answered your catechism, I should have nothing left to tell you in a character study. Your writing is very uniform. You lack self-control and are rather given to freaks and fancies; are affectionate but not constant, impulsive, amiable, hopeful and rather ambitious of details, fond of society, undisciplined, ambitious, and need dignity, reserve and deliberation.

MICHAELA.—I have just opened your letter. With I had time to delineate you over again, without consulting your former study; just to show you how identical the would be. So you don't wish to be called conservative? Well, I am sure I don't blame you, if conservative really means to you as you say it does, "All that is new and old and old and new, a nature capable of closing its ears to all outside misery and distress, and going selfishly on its own way, without an effort to lend a helping hand." You will perceive that I am quoting you verbatim. Well, my good lady, if your other ideas are as erratic as your definition of conservatism, the Fates only know what kind of a character I gave you. I am scared at its possibilities, but I am sure of its truth. I am not at all sure you are not wise, in fact I rather think you are, but when you wrote that letter last June your vision was not very attractive. Please revise your ideas on conservatism. I can solemnly assure you that they are faulty and unjust, as your own decided observation should have told you.

KOBBAL.—Your very excellent study has cost me some time and thought. I hope that the question you asked me

has already answered itself. It is certainly a very unfavorable state of things not to know the intentions of your admirer. All the advice I can give you is to be on your guard, and wait until you are sure of the intentions of the person whose love you doubt. Many a man takes great help and comfort from the friendship of a woman, but is never the least bit in love with her. No suspicion of indiscretion shows in your letter, which has very fine traits; you are generous, truthful, constant, sympathetic and while a little egotistic, very ready to suit your own plans in deference to your friends. There is a very attractive vein of kindness and care for others which shows your goodness; fine energy, self-respect and power of strong affection, love of beauty and keen sense of right are mingled with frankness and good temper. You ask me to take you over the coast a little. Well, I can only say to you what one says to your lovely kind, don't be foolish in your own affairs, look sharp for yourself, as you are no one else to do it for you, and remember, nothing on earth is gained, but much sorrow in caring for anyone more than they desire you to.

AGNITA D.—1. The question as to which is the better accomplishment, music or painting, is impossible to answer. Music is almost sure to be of more general use. 2. As to how you should act towards a person whose love you doubt, it is necessary to know what end you are aiming at, before you can give you a useful answer. If you want to confirm your doubt, keep a sharp and suspicious watch on them, complain of neglect, tell them you doubt them, cry, pout, and sulk. Then they will soon grow to distrust you. If, on the contrary, circumstances and your own wish make it desirable you should retain their affection, be a little chary of caresses, very kind and somewhat effusive; an air of mystery is fine if you can assume it. And have some vague hints of the charms of the other, always floating round, but don't make them too definite. 3. A bad writer is certainly not necessarily stupid. Some of the greatest intellectual lights write almost illegibly. 4. As to the question about the surest way to get to heaven, if you did not seem in earnest I should not answer it, but as you say the subject puzzles you, I respect your query. The surest way to get to heaven is to make your life a continual preparation for heaven. If your face is turned to God, your trunk packed full of good works, your cheeks on the straight road of duty, and your heart full of love, and your mind full of God, and stamped with the sign of the cross, with all which implies, you can get on board when Conductor Death calls you, and go straight to heaven. There is no change nor stop-over, nor danger of accident, and your puzzling over the matter is quite as unnecessary as the fidgets of the anxious countryman on his first voyage. 5. Your writing shows sympathy, hope and some ambition, care and quick perception, love of beauty, unselfishness, but lacks determination and constancy. 6. I should say you were rather open to influence.

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The Drama.



OMICAL and funny is Ezra Kendall as old Jiles Button at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week. The play—or rather the entertainment, for there is no play—consists of an endless rush of variety performances, among which old man Button bobs up, always in a predicament but always philosophically making the most of it. I would like to see Kendall in a play with a clean-cut part suitable to himself and supported by good actors instead of variety artists. To be sure, this might deprive us of his clever parody songs and of his amusing imitation of a baseball catcher, but it would give us something else perhaps better still. For singing he has a voice wonderfully clear and with distinct enunciation, so that every word is heard all over the house. This is what the house wants in a singer of such songs. When Button fancies that his wife and the restaurant man are planning his death he really does some excellent acting, and every few minutes he rises far above his surroundings and becomes irresistibly funny. The humor of a variety show is too ribald for me and the wit is too stale and far-fetched, so that I attend one with my prejudices aroused, but Kendall mollified me completely in this case. When a man comes on the stage with a pillow stuffed under his vest no one is deceived into believing that it is actual fat, but everyone knows the pillow is there so that when presently the policeman with the hippety-hop-to-the-barber-shop style of locomotion goes whirling across the stage he can bring down his baton on that pillow and make the gallery laugh. What in creation there is to laugh at in that most ancient performance I cannot imagine. Whenever a pillow comes out concealed beneath a vest the policeman is sure to bob up and hit it a crack, still, every soul in the house knowing this half an hour before it happens, it wins a laugh. Human nature is hard to understand. The serpentine dancing of Carlotta is extremely graceful and deservedly encored at each performance, as is the wooden shoe dancing of Miss Jessie Dunn.

Dartmoor is a very strong play, and on Tuesday evening when I was present I wondered at the comparatively small house which greeted it. Torontonians are not great theater-goers or the Academy would have had fewer empty seats on the occasion, for J. H. Gilmour is an actor of merit and gives a great delineation of the gentlemanly swindler and desperado. His support is scarcely as good, however, as he and Dartmoor are entitled to. Mr. Herbert Archer, as Capt. Lankester, struck me as peculiarly inadequate to his part. He does not look like a man who would nurse a silent love for nine long years, nor does he look like a man who would inspire a lasting and romantic devotion in the breast of a young woman. That laugh of his, so great, so robust, and so brief, is unparalleled in my experience of men and horses. One thing may be said to his credit—he is painstaking and he is consistent throughout, living up to his conception of the part, but it is that conception which grates on me. Mr. Littledale Powers acts with talent a most peculiar and interesting character, that of Archdeacon Jellicoe, a good old man who has unfortunately developed kleptomania. He has the simplicity of a child and if left to his own vagaries for a moment is soon discovered with soiled clothes, he having probably climbed a tree to recover some youngster's kite or to steal a bird's nest. He picks up anything he can get hold of—not fatiguing you with too much of it, either—and stuffs it away in some place where he promptly forgets all about it. He makes a most interesting character, and having a good face provokes much gentle mirth. Owen Westford as Dr. Pagenstecher is also good, with his faith in the "bumps" of phrenology. Marguerite Fields as Dora Lisle is a sweet little thing with artistic instincts, and where she and Gilmour have their talk, she not knowing that he (as Venables) is her supposedly dead father, it is most effective. High art was attained at that spot. Miss Bettina Girard, as Mrs. Lisle, has an exceedingly difficult part to play, and this considered carries herself through very well. Miss Hazel Seldon and Miss Emma Fossette make the most of their parts, the former especially being true to character.

At the Grand this week we have one of those sparkling light comedies which afford great pleasure for the fitting moment, without boring one with heavy impressions to carry away. A sunbeam on a dark day dances across your path for a moment, brightening the world and making your heart sing; then it fades or melts away, imperceptibly slow, and delightful as it was, you soon forget all about it. Such is the light comedy, a charming relaxation for the passing hour, and The Grey Mare is a light comedy. The Typewriter, a one-act piece that precedes it, has mighty little in it. The same old office boy is there, big and old enough to be a partner in the business and fresh and kitten-

ish enough to be only seven years of age—always being sent out, always receiving tips of fifty cents to stuff in his vest pocket, always dancing around like a circus man, and conducting himself generally as no office boy dare do if he valued his life, to say nothing of his situation. The piece has a flat and unsatisfactory finish, the curtain falling in almost a dead calm. The fault is in the piece and not in the presentation of it, for the best actors in the company appear in it. The Grey Mare is better, and no sooner does it commence than the audience shows an intensely improved humor. Marian Giroux as Kate Stanhope is a talented young woman of the day, able to adroitly defend anything she chooses to do and to justify anything she chooses to say. She claims that telling white lies is a feminine privilege, and she utters some passingly clever sentences on the subject. This young lady infuses into her work a distinct personality, quite her own but still suggestive of Minnie Seligman. For the moonish part of David Maxwell it would really be hard to find a better man than Vincent Sternroyd. He makes himself a simple-hearted, half-dart genius, the loyal but clumsy and useless confidant of all who get into trouble. George Allison as John Maxwell, M. D., fills his part to perfection. The consciousness of strength, mental and moral, that at first lives in every line of his face and turn of his figure, is marred only by one thing—the comic habit of clutching at every person's wrist and timing their pulse beats. That is, of course, demanded of all stage doctors, but Allison might drop it in a part like his. He cuts a most sorry figure when returning in the gray morning, soaked with cold water, from searching in the bog for the plant he professed to have gathered the previous day. His shivering and his blank despair at finding himself inextricably coiled up in a network of falsehoods, which he had commenced weaving for the purpose of convincing Kate that there was nothing clever about lying, is extremely clever and funny. Jennie Kennard, as Julia, the handsome shrew whom the luckless David had married, is effective, and in fact the whole cast is neatly balanced and thoroughly satisfactory.

Next week we will have a treat at the Grand, when R. D. McLean and Marie Prescott, in their farewell tour, will appear in The Duke's Wife, Romeo and Juliet, and The Merchant of Venice. There are a great many people who never attend the theater unless Shakespeare is being played, and a greater number who, like myself, consider one legitimate drama—if presented as it should be—worth half a dozen "illegitimate" ones. Next week will be our chance to come out and encourage the thing we admire, for McLean and Prescott are excellent actors and usually carry a good lot of people along with them.

Wilson Barrett is coming to Toronto at Christmas with his new play Pharaoh. That will be one of the big features of the theatrical season, and it will have an especial interest for many Torontonians because a gifted Canadian, Franklin M'Leay, a Woodstock boy, cuts a figure in the production second only to Barrett himself. His part is that of Pennu, a product of oriental barbarity, who at the whim of his original master, Rameses, was manufactured from childhood into a monstrosity. The poor deformed fellow is supposed to be court buffoon, but he has in him the feelings of a man and becomes a subtle breeder of treason. The English press has greatly praised the work of the young comedian. The Daily News says that Mr. M'Leay shares with Mr. Barrett the honors of the evening. The Sporting Chronicle says that Pennu alone would make the play remarkable, the character being a fine conception, splendidly acted by Mr. Franklin M'Leay. I gather from the English papers that Pharaoh is a strong spectacular production.

Next week will be dedicated to opera at the Academy of Music. Monday and Tuesday (with special Tuesday matinee) there will be sung the famous opera Robin Hood by the Bostonian Opera Company, and on Wednesday night until the end of the week Pauline Hall and her excellent company will sing Puritania. There is perhaps, in the English language, no legend so



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

From a photo by Herbert E. Simpson, College Street.

popular as that of Robin Hood, the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon. Ever since the fifteenth century, nursery rhymes and classics have told of the adventures of this bold nobleman who "shot the king's deer and fought the king's men," and there is hardly a child in this country, or in England, who has not had visions of green Sherwood Forest with its camp fires and its smoking haunches of venison; its jolly Friar Tuck and hardy, athletic Little John. The story, familiar to all, I shall not revive here, leaving the gifted singers to do that with more grace and greater acceptance than I could hope for. The seats for Robin Hood are being eagerly bought up at the Academy box office.

Puritania, or the Earl and the Maid of Salem, is a high order of comic opera, with the scenes laid at Salem, Mass., in the year 1665, and at the palace of Charles II. of England. The story is based on witchcraft. The book is by Mr. C. S. M. McLeellan, and Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelley composed the music, which is spoken of as being bright and full of melody from start to finish. The opera has achieved great success everywhere for its complete merit, and the cast, headed by the charming Pauline Hall, is notable for the many clever artists, prominent among whom are Jacques Kruger, Harry Macdonough, Frank David, Eva Davenport, Irene Verona, Jennie Eddy, and many others. The chorus numbers upwards of fifty. In Puritania, Pauline Hall brings to us what is claimed to be one of the most pretentious productions seen here for a long time.

The famous Clemenceau Case will be on at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week. This is the play that the New York authorities interfered with when it first came out. At the beginning of the third act Iza originally disrobed and posed for her artist lover, wearing an invisible suit of flesh-colored tights. This was too much for the public, the sensation at the disrobing being terrific. Now, Iza does not disrobe, being disrobed when the curtain rises and is quickly covered with a cloak. The model scene is the least objectionable feature of the play as it now stands, and to speak out the truth, the whole plot and action of the piece are broad and impure and can be of no possible good to the morals of the community. There is no use being hypocritical about the matter, though, for if the public did not wish to see such plays they would disappear. What the public craves for, theater managers will supply. That is the law and order of the thing. Emma Bell plays the role of Iza, and here again managerial shrewdness has been exercised. Robert Bruning takes the part of Pierre Clemenceau. Dorothy Drew and Hulda Halvers, the novelty dancers, will probably contribute something to the preceding highly artistic without being objectionable. MACK.

A Good Imitation.

Old Walt Houston used to remark as how the funniest thing he ever seen was in Shookville town hall about four years ago, the time a ventriloquist feller come up to our town to give a entertainment. There was about forty people in the hall settin' down, an' about fifty more outside the hall standin' on two planks, the ends of which was rested on piles of loose boxes which raised 'em high enough to peek in the windows that had been opened on account of the heat. Well, this yer chap, he came out and give a real good show, but I guess he warn't pretty well pleased at the outside arrangement, particular as some of the toughest chaps made audible remarks during the performance through the windows. When he came on for the second part he had a piece of rope in his hand, th' end of which appeared to run out of the back door of the hall.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he sez, "I shall open the second part of my programme with a new and startling imitation," he sez. "Hear, hear!" sez young Amasiah Bell, through the window. "Ah! my boy, you'll say there, there! in a minit," sez the show feller, an' then he continued: "This imitation will be the kind of sound a lot of mean cusses—as were too blame low-down to buy tickets to a show, an' instead

of doing so stuck loose boxes and planks up outside so they could see in the winders—would make if somebody went and tied a rope to them boxes when they warn't looking, and then gave it a pull like this." He then pulled the rope, remarkin': "Look out for the imitation, ladies and gentlemen." Well, Walt Houston sez the way those heads disappeared from the winders, and the row they kicked up when they went ker-smash, wuz too funny for anything. UNCLE ARTIE.

One Side of the Question.

The teacher is the natural enemy of the pupil. No one thinks this strange until he teaches himself, then it becomes bewildering. Since your child, as heaven knows, is clever, it must be the teacher's fault if the child can't work arithmetic. A few children are acknowledged by their parents not to be clever—in that case they are good, much better than the teacher, who is but clay.

Some men teach in order to live, some, it would seem, in order to die. Women teach till they get married, men till they achieve a profession. A few teach because they love it. It may even be that a teacher loves his pupils. This is not a good investment in a worldly sense.

The best test of a teacher's fitness is the number of successful pupils sent by him to the frequent examinations. A teacher's salary should be based on these results. The fairness of this arrangement is evident to the weakest mind. Examinations are the only infallible tests. The more frequent the examinations the better for the pupil. Early experiments in agriculture, however, decided the advisability of examining the roots of a growing plant. PENNY.

Bobby's Composition on a Hen.

A hen can lay a egg every day and he eats sand to make the egg shell. If a fox comes along a hen can roost on the fence, fer a hen don't like to get by a fox.

Hens loves to scratch up flower-beds with their hind legs fer to get the seeds an' flah-rooms. When hens is hatchin' they sit on their eggs, but that don't smash 'em, fer hens is all over feathers and feathers is awful light. Some hens are woman righters and tries to crow like the roosters, but they was only ment fer to cackle. Hens hates water—only fer to drink—cos their toes ain't joined like geese's and they ud get drowned sure pop. PIXSY.

Old Bill Took a Crack at It.

All day the hunters had been bowling across the plains, not quite sure of the route they traveled and keeping suspicious eyes upon the half-breed guide who cantered in advance upon a wiry broncho. The Indians were in the habit of swooping down upon small bodies of white men and wiping them out for the sake of such plunder as they could glean, and the guide had somehow inspired the party with fears that he harbored treacherous designs. Old Bill, the veteran of the expedition, looked to his rifle, and intimated to his comrades that if the guide was in cahoots with Indians he would not be able to claim a share of the plunder. He said he had a pretty sure notion that whether this crowd went to kingdom-come or went straight along over the prairie, that guide would be number one in the procession just the same.

Night fell and still they proceeded, the half-breed's anxiety to camp being the chief reason for pushing on; but at last the men decided to halt until the first streak of day. The horses were picketed around to eat bunch grass, the half-breed rolled himself in a blanket and ostensibly went to sleep beneath the wagon. Two of the men sought slumber in the vehicle and the other two stood guard with ready rifles. A sense of danger brooded over them all, mutually understood without being openly mentioned.

Two hours elapsed and those on guard had probably dozed into a light sleep, when they were aroused into terrified activity by a mighty thunder sound, the ground trembled, and a great shriek split the air. Springing to their guns the plainmen saw rushing down upon them an enormous something with one large, brilliant, fiery eye. On it came, louder, nearer, bigger, that monster eye throwing flashes far ahead. Old Bill's gun jumped to his shoulder and spat out its deadly message—in vain, for though the eye blinked and shivered, it never paused.

It dashed by them fifty yards to the right—an express train going forty miles an hour! They had in the darkness camped beside the track of the first railroad across the plains, and for the first time saw the cars. ZEKIE.

The Beneficent Old Lady.

They had the brushed and shining appearance of children on a visit, three of them, standing on the doorstep of the beneficent old lady. It was the first visit of the youngest and she looked at a strange world with guileless eyes. The countenances of the other two were slightly relaxed with the expectations of good things to come.

The beneficent old lady was seated in an arm chair. She kissed them, then they were dismissed to the care of an elderly maiden. They had grapes broken from the vine and cake of great age and richness. To-morrow they would be ill, but to-day—what mattered it—they played in the garden.

It was time to go home and one by one they were presented to the old lady, who fumbled with both hands in a wide skirt and put something hard and round in each right hand, saying, "Don't look till you get home."

By the time they had gone a block the eldest said, "I am going to look." So she opened her hand and in it was a silver quarter. Then the next opened his hand and in it was a silver quarter. Last of all the youngest opened her hand and in it—oh soft, pink palm, oh strange, uncomfortable world—in it was one brown cent!

She had always been secretly afraid that she was less worthy than other people. Now even the old lady knew it.

The boy said, "Let's go back and tell her." The eldest said, "Let's go and tell mother. I am sure the old lady meant to give her a quarter."

But the youngest said, "You will always have a quarter more than me." PENNY.

Mary Ann is Coming Home.

For Saturday Night.

Mary Ann is coming home—
Coming home to-night,
Daddy's gone away to fish her—
Make her old home bright.
For a farmer all the summer
She's been working hard,
And a purse of thirty dollars
Has been her reward.
She will bring it all to mother,
She's as good as wheat;
Was there ever such another—
Make her bed-room neat!

Put a flow'r pot in her window,
Make her pillows soft;
She has hungered for home-coming
Many times and oft;
Roast some apples in the ashes,
Put the kettle on,
We will wait to make her welcome,
If we wait till dawn.
Mother, here's your Sunday apron
Ironed smooth and bright;
Children, wash your faces—someone's
Coming home to-night!

We will hear poor daddy's wagon
When it's on the ridge,
And if not we'll surely hear it
When it strikes the bridge.
Hester—Jennie! lay the table,
Put ma's china down,
Move as quick as you are able,
Make the biscuits brown;
Roast some chestnuts on the fender,
Make that lamp glass bright,
For our sister sweet and tender
Comes to us to-night.

Dad will drive—you know he rarely
Ever misses meals.
Nero's barking in the orchard,
There—I heard the wheels!
Leave the kitchen door wide open,
Hear the wagon roll!
Listen!—that was Dolly's signal
Calling to her foal,
Hark! a rustling in the lilacs,
Ah, I hope I'm right.
Mary Ann!—is this our darling?
Welcome home to-night!

Rushdale Farm. R. K. KERNIGHAN (THE KHAN).

Autumn Weather.

For Saturday Night.

For days and days the silent sky
Gave back no gleam of sun or star,
And gloom, unbroken near or far,
Grew heavy in the wistful eye.
The trees clung, crouching from the rain,
On meadows o'er'd and dank and gray;
And we, thro' splash'd and dripping pane,
Look'd out, and sigh'd the hours away.
All day within the shadowy house,
We sat and read and paced and sat;
No sound but purring of the cat,
Or scampering of rafter-mice,
Disturb'd our lagging, save aloof
The steady patter on the roof,
Or, sometimes, down the road,
The rumbling of a distant load.
And still it rain'd! It splash'd and pour'd
On all the landscape all the day!
And all the night the cave-trough roar'd
And drum'd, half-heard and far-away,
Troubling our visions as we lay
Asleep, or woke, expecting day.

Oh! we were weary. Such a rain!
The long hours, hours' breath: boding skies,
To melancholy thoughts gave rise,
And longings full of strange, dull pain.
But, oh! at last a rising gale!
And scattering clouds, with rifts of blue!
And cold, keen sunlight flashing thro',
To bring to earth a hopeful tale!
The night comes on with gleaming skies,
And roof and eaves give forth no sound.
We slumber; and, with dawning, rise
To find a brittle sunlight line
On sparkling fields of frozen ground!

JAS. A. TUCKER.

When Skies are Dark.

For Saturday Night.

Fade away in the sombre clouds,
Sail to the port in the gray-banked sky,
Pierce the murky air with your cry,
Storm birds robed in your sable shrouds!
But I must watch for the first faint blue,
And the eye with the love-light shining through.
Red and lurid the lights appear,
Far beyond in the steely dome.
Ravens flit to your sargy home;
Dead leaves follow, withered and bare;
I wait for the heart that is warm and bright,
And the love that knows no stormy night.
Roek and toss in the flying spray,
Terror-haunts of the evil stars;
See you ship o'er the harbor bars
Rend and groan on her homeward way.
I follow a pathway paved with gold,
And hear the story that old groves old.
The clouds will fade from the sky suns day;
The blue will shine and the birds sing clear.
Over the mountains the day draws near,
Soothing to ripple the storm-tossed spray.
But I must watch with the blood-red sun,
For what were life if love were gone!

LAUREN DARR.

If I Were Only Young.

For Saturday Night.

If I were only young
I'd call sweet flowers for thee!
The rose should blush a ruby red,
Its opening buds love's incense shed,
Its petals wide their beauty spread
For thee, and only thee!
If I were only young,
I'd deck my form for thee
In gleaming silks and satins bright,
And diamonds flashing to the light,
To be a glory in thy sight,
If I were only young!
If I were only young,
I'd sing sweet songs to thee!
I'd sing in low contralto tones
To thee, my king; to thee alone!
Ah, love, I'd win thee for mine own,
If I were only young!

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE (CARL SIMA).

Ocean Waves.

For Saturday Night.

I stood upon the broad Atlantic's shore,
And heard old ocean sing his doubtful song,
And saw the billows as they rushed along,
Not caring for the sea-gulls that they bore,
Nor for the boatman and his flimsy store,
But hearing on their watery breasts a throng
Of burdens, which to foreign lands belong;
And as I stood and gazed, I saw them pour
All these strange relics on the sandy beach,
And then rush back, but leave upon the sand
The distant relics, there to lie and bleach.
I mused on those, that told of a foreign land,
The waves that brought them, and they seemed to teach
The power a passing stranger can command.
Galt, Ont. A. W. CRAWFORD.

Between You and Me.

DID you ever have too good a time? If you did, you will understand what I mean; if not, I dare say it won't be hard to explain that you don't discover the extra amount of goodness until the next day. You laugh, and chatter, and dance, and enjoy yourself just a little too long, and everything goes wrong when the reaction sets in. I had such a good time last night at such a lovely ball, and danced with a clear conscience and a light heart, because I knew just what was going to fill this column to-day, and as it interested me, I was confident it would interest my dear paper friends as well. As the bad little boys say, "Did you ever get left," as I did, when another stole my thunder and got my notions in print ahead of me? It is rather funny to be too sure of yourself; and while a sort of *pot pourri* of salad, and oyster soup, and kitties, and waltzes and a wet rain are beclouding my wits, I must laugh at the complete scoop the other one got on Lady Gay.

There! a laugh is such a blessing I wonder more people don't indulge in it. What a variety of laughs there are, anyway! Almost as great an assortment as there are of walks. The giggle is scarcely a laugh, more a shuffle along the way of hilarity; the sharp, unwilling, pointed laugh, like the gingerly gait of tight shoes, is artificial, hollow and a mockery; the chuckle is a sort of elderly *pas seul*; the clear, loud guffaw stands for the solid, brisk, all-alive step of the man and woman of weight and muscle; the uncious, naughty laugh for the flat-footed pad of much avoirdupois! But there is a laugh so delightful, so full of fun and *bonhomie*, so like a silver chime of joy bells that it throws a glamor over the laughter and makes young her forty or fifty or eighty years, that strikes a spark from a heart of flint, that makes wrinkles which don't go deep, and sends a ray of merriment into the groutiest and gloomiest soul. No earthly footfall answers to this lovely sound; it is sweet, bright, bubbling as champagne, and only the toes of fairies could trip to its music. One woman in a thousand attains to it, and it is in her a charm that never fails to attract. In short, there are more fraudulent, ugly and disagreeable laughs than imitations of the Kohinoor diamond.

There are a great many *debutantes* this season in the various circles of Toronto society, and I suppose in nine cases out of ten, the realities will not come up to the anticipations of the coming winter. There will be girls so shielded, so cared, so cozened, and so bolstered with every sort of attention and encouragement from the giddy world, whose vagrant fancy lights on them, that the coming-out season, from the opening ball to the last post-paschal tea, will be one long round of pleasant experiences. I have seen these young, flower-crowned queens, and I have seen a good many others! There is no need of talking to the radiant youngster, as she stands knee-deep in bliss, but there is room for a word to the others. Girls, dear, should unkind fate decree that you attend a stupid party, with a careless hostess and beaux at a premium, brace up to the fight, smile, be bright and witty and busy for the entertainment of everyone but yourself, and verily, great will be your harvest. Your hostess will ask you again, worse luck! people will grow to like you, for your good-will; men will graciously dance with you, and other men, who don't dance, will see you are fed. Have a funny story for the wallflower and a very sincere compliment for the chaperone, a look of admiration, honestly untinted with envy, for the belle. It is not her fault that she eclipses you—it's your own, you know! If the evening is too utterly trying, make fun of it—but not to a mortal living but yourself. Remember once exchanging confidences with an ancient portrait in a daguerreotype frame as to what I thought of our hostess and her party, when I, a bride, had been left for two mortal hours in a corner, and the shiny-faced gentleman in the stock and curled wig had quite a good time of it. He heard the truth of his granddaughter, and it was enough to make him turn in his frame, but it was a wonderful relief to my wounded conceit. And above all things, dear maiden *debutantes*, remember that all parties are not stupid, all hostesses do not neglect you. Men are sometimes in the majority and the sun will shine again. One thing more, though their right hands may forget their cunning, the mean wretches will never forget a sulky face nor yet forgive it!

Cheerfulness is such a useful virtue; one sees it fully developed; idealized, as it were, in the person of the unfortunate individual whose name recalls to us a small leather case of sewing implements, a "Lady's Companion." Generally the old country folk who advertise for her are the very most uncompanionable of mortals (hardly mortals, either, for they live to most eternal ages) old women with shocking tempers, or fancied disorders, or pet complaints, or some one or other trait which unfits them for decent society. The lady's companion is their prey and they get her in scores, for English women are only getting out of swaddling clothes as regards self-support. I sometimes think of the armies of wretched, dependent females who wear prunellas and ride with their backs to the horses, who pick up stitches, and humor invalids and say Amen! to divers ungodly utterances, all for a home and a pittance, and though other editors get ahead of me, and a grimy-handed Imp demands copy when I want to go to sleep, and the rain comes down unceasingly, I am glad I have a chance to pity someone, and that my stifle cheerfulness doesn't have any greater strain on it.

Individualities.

The Duke of Devonshire denies that he has become a Roman Catholic. Dr. Taeffl, body physician to the King of Wurtemberg, has become insane and been taken to an asylum. Moody and Sankey are said to have received one million two hundred thousand dollars in royalties from their gospel hymns. Advice from Zanzibar state that the

Wahehes attacked the Germans near Kilossa, and killed Lieutenant Bruening and four soldiers.

The Pope has warned France that unless its aggressive policy against the Vatican is abandoned the next batch of French cardinals created will be the last.

Abbe Liatz's first concert programme, when he was only nine years old, has been discovered. It bears date of 1820. The performance was given in Oldenburg.

Sims Reeves is principal professor of singing at the Guildhall School of Music. He is now seventy years of age. He went on the operatic stage in his eighteenth year, beginning his career, strangely enough, as a baritone.

The King of the Hellenes has received a magnificent silver-gilt table service, as a silver wedding present, the joint gift of the King and Queen of Denmark, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

The latest news regarding that international scandal—the Deacon affair—indicates that the wronged husband will not press for a severe penal verdict against Mrs. Deacon, and that he will be content with a surrender on her part of the children. The erring woman, whose folly brought death to one man and ruin to another, is said to be quite ready to accede to all demands of her husband.

It is rumored that William A. Slater of Norwich, Conn., the cotton manufacturer, and the son of the late John F. Slater, who gave one million dollars for the education of colored people, is to have a steam yacht, by a designer not named, "which is to eclipse anything now afloat." He now owns an elegant yacht, the Sagamore, in which he made an extended ocean voyage about a year ago.

Sullivan, Gilbert and Carter—up to the time of the dissolution of partnership—made about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars apiece. Besides this, Sir Arthur must derive a considerable sum from his other musical works, for the operas and operettas have been but a small part of his life's work. In his song writing, which is extensive, his popularity has been greater, perhaps, than that of any other English composer.

The Empress Eugenie is attracting a great deal of attention at Bath, where she is naturally a notable figure in the Pump-room. She is still a striking and handsome personality, with her smooth, white hair, erect carriage, and fine features; but there is no longer the smallest pretense of youth, and it is not so difficult as it used to be to believe that she is only eight years younger than the Queen.

The little twelve-year-old Queen of Holland is described as a charming child, with a sweet, regular set of features, a clear, enquiring look, quick movements, without appearing boisterous, lively, gay and laughing; but it is not all play with her. The little Sovereign's studies are watched over carefully by the Queen Regent, and directed by an English governess and experienced masters. In her quality of being Dutch, Wilhelmina is of an extremely independent character, and even a little malicious sometimes.

The fact that the relations now existing between the young Emperor of Germany and his widowed mother are not only pleasant but affectionate, has been emphasized by the presentation to the latter, by the emperor, of a deed to the castle of Kronberg. About a year ago the empress expressed a desire to purchase this ruined castle and the land which goes with it. On the following Christmas the empress found upon her table a communication from the emperor, saying that it would afford him the greatest pleasure to present to the empress the Schloss Kronberg as his Christmas gift.

General Benjamin F. Butler is said to make one hundred thousand dollars a year from his law practice, but age is coming upon him with rapid strides, forcing him to give up some of the hard work necessary to earn such an income. He is now nearly seventy-five and visibly older than he was a few years ago. He is very much bent and his eyesight is poor, but his mind is as keen as when young. For a man of his bluff nature he has always had a curious weakness for striking clothes. He used to like to wear fur overcoats and cowboy hats, the latter an adaptation of his army *chapeau*, but nowadays his tastes are quieter.

Among recent deaths in Paris is that of M. Roulez, the hero of the quadruple duel of some months ago. For the last two months he has been confined in a mad-house. He was anxious to see his name in print, and it must certainly be admitted that he realized his desire, for the fantastic story of his quadruple duel, which was swallowed with such eagerness by even the most sedate and sensible organs of the Parisian press, was telegraphed and cabled to every portion of the civilized globe. It was only several days afterward that the enterprising reporter set to work to investigate the entire affair, and laid bare the fact M. Roulez had palmed off a gigantic joke upon his countrymen.

He Knew.

Booby, like most juveniles, is of an enquiring turn of mind. On one occasion he found a very curious plant in regard to whose name, notwithstanding many questions put to different authorities, he could get no information. At last he said, "I guess I'll have to ask brother Jack, because," adding with reverential awe, "he knows like the mischief." H. T. C.

One on Tom.

After dinner one evening, at Tom Moore's home, the conversation turned on the Irish aptitude to "bulls." "By the way, Mr. Moore," said a young Englishman, "I've found you out in an Irish bull." "Indeed," said the glibly poet; "pray, what is it?" "Oh," said young Literal, "in that song of The Watchman, you say, in the last verse: 'And see the sky, 'tis morning—So now, indeed, good night!'"

Now, of course, 'Good night' in the morning is a blunder."

"Upon my word," said an old gentleman, "I never observed that bull before."

"Nor I, either," said Moore gravely.

No Use Repining.

Jinks—It turns out that the singer who introduced Ta-ra-ra-Boom isn't dead, after all. Winks—Oh, well, it wouldn't have done any good, anyhow. Lots of other singers know it.

Our Boys and Girls.

Something Sweet and Wholesome About the Little Toddlers Who Gladden the Earth. BY HELEN GRAFTON.



HERE is no error in acknowledging the current philosophy of the day, in so far as to agree that boys and girls are derived from babies by a process of evolution. For instance, observe with what unerring instinct a portion of them will select the dolls, tea sets, ribbons, and dainty

fal-dals from out of a miscellaneous collection. These specimens of babyhood we may safely set down as girls, and forthwith consign them to the ignominious petticoat. The other representatives who eagerly lay hands upon drums, swords, spades and hammers, may be put into breeches without further question.

When the transformation is effected from baby long clothes to the distinguishing petticoats and breeches, how rapidly the little people develop in the direction of their diverse yet ever united destinies. The baby boy knows he is a superior being as soon as he is able to think at all. Girls, he thinks contemptuously, are only created to wait on him and see that he is amused. Miquelad Infant! What he now so despises will one day rule him with a rod of iron. Of all the attributes of childhood the imagination is the most admirable and wonderful. Potent as a fairy's wand, it can change the vilest dirt and dross into gold and jewels and fairest flowers.

No wealthy dame parading her costly Sevres or Worcester appreciates their splendor or receives such unalloyed pleasure from their possession as does the demure little damsel playing "tea" with her broken china teacups, spread carefully out upon the "stoop." No famous horse fancier ever possessed a nobler stud than Johnny can show you, comprised of broomsticks, canes and old kitchen chairs. Children seem to prefer rude and improvised playthings, changed by their own imagining, to the more artistic and skillfully made toys bought at the legitimate toy-shop. A sad cynic is he who does not sympathize rather than sneer at the simple enjoyments of our boys and girls. All too soon the little woman wears of her broken crockery, sham jewelry and unreal tea parties, and demands realities, while Johnny becomes disgusted with his fast-trotting broomstick and clamors for a real horse.

"I go to school!" Such is Johnny's announcement now, and a sturdy little figure, with school-bag strapped about him, struts consequentially out to the halls of learning, his demure little sister gazing in awe after the miniature lord of creation.

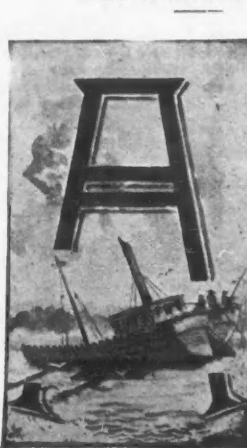
I have a little niece who went to Sunday school for the first time the other Sunday. When she returned home her mamma asked her what she had learned. "Nothing," was the answer. "Didn't learn anything!" says mamma, surprised. "Why didn't the teacher ask you any questions?" "Oh, yes! mamma, she did. She asked me if I had any coppers."

It wasn't a Methodist Sunday school either. But a little while, and then bats and broomsticks are thrown aside; dolls and dishes give place to beaux and parties. Our little girl becomes a grown-up young lady; our little boy a grown-up man—both to realize, then, how far different the reality is from the simpler imagination of their childish days.

"Oh, to be a boy again!" the world-weary man exclaims, "with all a boy's light-hearted enjoyment of life. No cares, no thought of tomorrow; each day to take care of itself. What an elysium to look back upon, but it is gone forever."

The weary mother, nursing her baby, looks back with a sigh to those bygone days of sham housekeeping and unreal beaux, never more to come back to her, but to be lived over again by her own boys and girls.

The Drama of Old.



ALTHOUGH there has been in all races that natural love of imitation which prompts man to embellish with dramatic action the most simple narrative, yet, if we wish to trace the birth and early growth of dramatic, as apart from epic and lyric poetry, we must turn to the classic soil of Greece, the kindly mother of art and song. There are, it is true, instances in ancient Hebrew literature of dramatic dialogue, e. g., in the Book of Job, and of lyric poems in dramatic setting, e. g., Solomon's song. But as we understand the expression now, the Hebrews had no drama. The Hindoos and certain other ancient races had a slight approach to dramatic composition; but to that marvelous people, the Greeks, the most gifted race the world has ever seen, it is that we owe the origin of the drama proper.

It appeared at first only in a few festivals, chiefly those of the god Dionysius, or Bacchus, the earliest form being that of a choral song. Gradually it became purified from the extraneous pantomime and dance, and divided into the two parts, which it still retains—comedy and tragedy—the word tragedy, derived from the word for goat, either because a goat was sacrificed or because the players were dressed in goat-skins, or because a goat was the prize; and comedy, from a word meaning a village, because the players strolled

A Frightful Situation



First Anarchist—Vot vas der madder mit Schimmelspeck! Second Anarchist—His wife will gif him to a policeman ohf he don't come home; und ohf he comes home she vill make him work!—Puck.

from village to village, or from a word meaning a revel—the revelers' song.

And so, as time went on, these crude dramatic efforts developed into a literature perhaps unequalled in the history of the world, the crowning glories of which were the plays of Aristophanes and Sophocles and Eschylus.

The Romans were not a great dramatic people. In fact, their earliest productions were drawn from the Etruscans; and of their later efforts the most successful were copies from foreign masters, especially the Greeks. With the fall of Pagan Rome all art declined; this being a very unfortunate result of the early diffusion of Christianity, a result brought about by the desire of the converts to avoid every approach towards idolatry (in pictures, statues, etc.) and by the increased solemnity with which life was regarded, a solemnity inconsistent with the lighter arts of life. Indeed, anyone connected with the theater was refused baptism; and in course of time dramatic poetry existed among the Romans in the form only of Saturnalian pageants and similar relics of the past.

To Italy belongs the honor of having awakened the dramatic spirit after its long sleep in the middle ages. This awakening spread throughout Europe, Spain giving her Cervantes and Calderon; France her Corneille, Moliere, and Racine; Germany, her Lessing, her Schiller, her Goethe; and England, her "rare Ben Jonson," her Shakespeare, and her Dryden.

The progress of dramatic representation has kept pace with that of the drama itself. In the earliest ages it was of necessity very rude, there being scarcely such a thing as scenery or stage appointments, and the actors wearing masks. [From this, by the way, we have our word "person," literally he who "sounded through the mask," i. e., played a part.] Gradually these accessories improved. But with the Greeks and Romans the chief stress was always laid upon the actual utterance of the words, accompanied by appropriate gestures, i. e., upon individual acting. In this regard it is very doubtful whether the world has improved in the slightest degree upon the fundamental principles of Greek dramatic presentation.

It was not customary with the Greeks and their imitators to have plays in theaters, as we understand that term. They were held, almost always, in open-air structures, or amphitheaters. These were of beautiful construction, and their situation was always chosen with reference to its beauty and its fitness for the purpose, the material employed being stone, and generally marble. With the brilliant awnings (as a protection from the sun), with the bright sky above, and the blue sea in the distance, with the motley throngs seated tier above tier, all intent upon the slightest word and motion of the actor—for we are told that every man in Athens, however humble, was a critic of poetry and of acting—these gatherings must have indeed presented a spectacle calculated to awaken all the genius and enthusiasm of that gifted race.

The Romans, whilst adopting the open air, or uncovered theater, so suitable to the south of Europe, yet were more fond of contests of strength and courage, such as combats, gladiatorial contests and mock naval battles. They had, however, regular theatrical performances, the actors being largely foreigners; and every Roman city had its theater, remains of which are seen throughout Europe. How vast these were the ruins tell us. The Colosseum of Rome, of solid stone, which still stands, held sitting 80,000, and sitting and standing, 110,000. Nothing is more interesting in the revelations from recent excavations at Pompeii than the bulletins or programmes of the performances at the various theaters ere the ashes of Vesuvius hid that city from the world for 1800 years.

In the middle ages the earliest form of representation was the miracle play, which depicted Bible events, the life of Joseph, the coming out of Egypt, and even the life of Christ. At first the influence of these miracle plays was undoubtedly good. They were under the supervision of the church; and there being no printed books, these were the most effective means of instruction. To us now it would appear rather incongruous to have God and Satan and the angels all represented on the stage and attired in the costume of the day; but to the simple minded people of that age it seemed the most natural thing in the world. The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau in Bavaria is a relic of this old-time custom. Indeed, the expression, Punch and Judy, still keeps it alive, for it means: *Pontius cum Judaea*—Pontius with the Jews.

After a time, however, these miracle plays became so bolsterous and irreverent that they were discouraged by the church. They were then superseded by the Morality Plays, in which the actors did not represent actual Bible personages, but moral qualities: mercy, peace, and so on, somewhat after the fashion of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. These after a

time declined in popularity—the people wanted something less abstract—and they were succeeded by plays after the modern type; the first of such appearing in England in the middle of the sixteenth century, shortly before Shakespeare's time.

And who can estimate the advance from the old Globe theater where Shakespeare used to play, in the days when scenery was described, "This is a house," etc., and when the moon was carried round and held up in the sky by a boy, to the perfectly appointed theater of today, bright with electric light and embellished with every device of the nineteenth century art? In nothing has the progress of the world been more clearly seen than on the stage settings of the drama; and yet the old dramatists remain still the envy and despair of the playwrights of all time.

Hamilton, Ont.

Art and Artists.

G. A. Reid, R. C. A., has returned from his vacation in the Catskill Mountains, where he has built a large studio for future use. He is at present busy on a work for the World's Fair. About two hundred of the choicest pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Reid will be on exhibition at the Mart, December 10, 11, 12 and 13.

Miss Peel is at work on a bust of Prof. London, president of Toronto University.

F. S. Challoner, A. R. C. A., with his usual modesty purposes sending but few pictures to Chicago and they are all small ones.

O. P. Staples is at present busy doing illustrating for Christmas publications.

W. A. Sherwood, A. R. C. A., has lately finished a capital portrait of Emilus Irving, Q. C., and in the opinion of many it is his best work.

J. A. Radford, O. S. A., has made a promising sketch of the picture he will send to Chicago. If he carries it through properly it will distance anything I have seen from his brush for a long time.

J. W. L. Forster, A. R. C. A., lately presented his well known portrait in oil of Sanford Fleming, C. E., LL. D., C. M. G., to the Canadian Institute, which highly appreciated the handsome gift, the donor having been the founder and first president of the Institute. The picture will have a historical value. The Institute passed the following resolution of thanks: "Moved by G. Kennedy, Ph.D., seconded by Mr. Pursey, in accepting from Mr. Forster his magnificent gift of a portrait of our distinguished honorary member, Sanford Fleming, C.E., LL. D., C.M.G., the members of the Canadian Institute desire to express their appreciation of the unselfish devotion to art and the interest of the Institute which has prompted Mr. Forster to the generous act; and they hereby tender to him their sincere gratitude for so fine a specimen of his handiwork, which will, they trust, hand down to future generations the counterfeit presentment of one who so deservedly holds a high place in the respect, not only of the members of the Institute, but of the entire Dominion of Canada."

G. Bruenech, A. R. C. A., will hold an exhibition of his paintings in water color at Bain's bookstore, King street, next week. Among his best are: St. Paul's, London; Summer Afternoon, North Cape, Norway; Bogo Sound, Norway; A Gray Day, and Rousdal Valley, Norway.

T. Mower Martin, R. C. A., will do a large painting of the Rockies on the C. P. R. and one of his charming deer subjects for the Columbian Exhibition. The Toronto artists will undoubtedly make a good showing, both in number and quality of pictures sent.

Sam Jones will open the interesting winter lectures of the Ontario Society of Artists with his well known and entertaining talk on Tom Hood.

O. S. Wilkinson, O. S. A., accepted an invitation from the Hamilton Art School to be present and distribute the prizes to the students. He also had an exhibition of his water colors in the council chamber of the Mountain City, for the benefit of students and the public. In presenting the prizes Mr. Wilkinson refrained from making anything in the shape of an address, and learning afterwards that something had been expected of him he wrote a letter to Mr. Adam Brown, president of the society, which was published in the Hamilton papers. He pointed out the advantages now enjoyed by art students: how they did not require to possess riches and maintain a costly existence in remote cities, for close at hand were organization, good masters, and in the mountain and lake, scenery in great variety, for Hamilton young people especially.

At Matthew Bros., Yonge street, F. M. Bell-Smith has on display the best paintings in water colors he ever turned out. These were nearly all executed abroad and are of such merit as to justify the interest they arouse among art lovers.

VAN.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND M. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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The Drama.



OMICAL and funny is Ezra Kendall as old Jiles Button at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week. The play—or rather the entertainment, for there is no play—consists of an endless rush of variety performances, among which old man Button bobs up, always in a predicament but always philosophically making the most of it. I would like to see Kendall in a play with a clean-cut part suitable to himself and supported by good actors instead of variety artists. To be sure, this might deprive us of his clever parody songs and of his amusing imitation of a baseball catcher, but it would give us something else perhaps better still. For singing he has a voice wonderfully clear and with distinct enunciation, so that every word is heard all over the house. This is what the house wants in a singer of such songs. When Button fancies that his wife and the restaurant man are planning his death he really does some excellent acting, and every few minutes he rises far above his surroundings and becomes irresistibly funny. The humor of a variety show is too ribald for me and the wit is too stale and far-fetched, so that I attend one with my prejudices aroused, but Kendall mollified me completely in this case. When a man comes on the stage with a pillow stuffed under his vest no one is deceived into believing that it is actual fat, but everyone knows the pillow is there so that when presently the policeman with the hippety-hop-to-the-barber-shop style of locomotion goes whirling across the stage he can bring down his baton on that pillow and make the gallery laugh. What in creation there is to laugh at in that most ancient performance I cannot imagine. Whenever a pillow comes out concealed beneath a vest the policeman is sure to bob up and hit it a crack, still, every soul in the house knowing this half an hour before it happens, it wins a laugh. Human nature is hard to understand. The serpentine dancing of Carlotta is extremely graceful and deservedly encoored at each performance, as is the wooden shoe dancing of Miss Jessie Dunn.

Dartmoor is a very strong play, and on Tuesday evening when I was present I wondered at the comparatively small house which greeted it. Torontonians are not great theater-goers or the Academy would have had fewer empty seats on the occasion, for J. H. Gilmour is an actor of merit and gives a great delineation of the gentlemanly swindler and desperado. His support is scarcely as good, however, as he and Dartmoor are entitled to. Mr. Herbert Archer, as Capt. Lankester, struck me as peculiarly inadequate to his part. He does not look like a man who would nurse a silent love for nine long years, nor does he look like a man who would inspire a lasting and romantic devotion in the breast of a young woman. That laugh of his, so great, so robust, and so brief, is unparalleled in my experience of men and horses. One thing may be said to his credit—he is painstaking and he is consistent throughout, living up to his conception of the part, but it is that conception which grates on me. Mr. Littleale Powers acts with talent a most peculiar and interesting character, that of Archdeacon Jellicoe, a good old man who has unfortunately developed kleptomania. He has the simplicity of a child and if left to his own vagaries for a moment is soon discovered with soiled clothes, he having probably climbed a tree to recover some youngster's kite or to steal a bird's nest. He picks up anything he can get hold of—not fatiguing you with too much of it, either—and stuffs it away in some place where he promptly forgets all about it. He makes a most interesting character, and having a good face provokes much gentle mirth. Owen Westford as Dr. Pagenstecher is also good, with his faith in the "bomps" of phrenology. Marguerite Fields as Dora Lisle is a sweet little thing with artistic instincts, and where she and Gilmour have their talk, she not knowing that he (as Venables) is her supposedly dead father, it is most effective. High art was attained at that spot. Miss Bettina Girard, as Mrs. Lisle, has an exceedingly difficult part to play, and this considered carries herself through very well. Miss Hazel Seldon and Miss Emma Fossette make the most of their parts, the former especially being true to character.

At the Grand this week we have one of those sparkling light comedies which afford great pleasure for the flitting moment, without boring one with heavy impressions to carry away. A sunbeam on a dark day dances across your path for a moment, brightening the world and making your heart sing; then it fades or melts away, imperceptibly slow, and delightful as it was, you soon forget all about it. Such is the light comedy, a charming relaxation for the passing hour, and The Grey Mare is a light comedy. The Typewriter, a one-act piece that precedes it, has mighty little in it. The same old office boy is there, big and old enough to be a partner in the business and fresh and kitten-



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

From a photo by Herbert E. Simpson, College Street.

ish enough to be only seven years of age—always being sent out, always receiving tips of fifty cents to stuff in his vest pocket, always dancing around like a circus man, and conducting himself generally as no office boy dare do if he valued his life, to say nothing of his situation. The piece has a flat and unsatisfactory finish, the curtain falling in almost a dead calm. The fault is in the piece and not in the presentation of it, for the best actors in the company appear in it. The Grey Mare is better, and no sooner does it commence than the audience shows an intensely improved humor. Marian Groux as Kate Stanhope is a talented young woman of the day, able to adroitly defend anything she chooses to do and to justify anything she chooses to say. She claims that telling white lies is a feminine privilege, and she utters some passingly clever sentences on the subject. This young lady infuses into her work a distinct personality, quite her own but still suggestive of Minnie Seligman. For the moonish part of David Maxwell it would really be hard to find a better man than Vincent Stenrooy. He makes himself a simple-hearted, half-daff genius, the loyal but clumsy and useless confidant of all who get into trouble. George Allison as John Maxwell, M. D., fills his part to perfection. The consciousness of strength, mental and moral, that at first lives in every line of his face and turn of his figure, is marred only by one thing—the comic habit of clutching at every person's wrist and timing their pulse beats. That is, of course, demanded of all stage doctors, but Allison might drop it in a part like his. He cuts a most sorry figure when returning in the gray morning, soaked with cold water, from searching in the bog for the plant he professed to have gathered the previous day. His shivering and his blank despair at finding himself inextricably coiled up in a network of falsehoods, which he had commenced weaving for the purpose of convincing Kate that there was nothing clever about lying, is extremely clever and funny. Jennie Kennard, as Julia, the handsome shrew whom the luckless David had married, is effective, and in fact the whole cast is neatly balanced and thoroughly satisfactory.

Next week we will have a treat at the Grand, when R. D. McLean and Marie Prescott, in their farewell tour, will appear in The Duke's Wife, Romeo and Juliet, and The Merchant of Venice. There are a great many people who never attend the theater unless Shakespeare is being played, and a greater number who, like myself, consider one legitimate drama—if presented as it should be—worth half a dozen "illegitimate" ones. Next week will be our chance to come out and encourage the thing we admire, for McLean and Prescott are excellent actors and usually carry a good lot of people along with them.

Wilson Barrett is coming to Toronto at Christmas with his new play Pharaoh. That will be one of the big features of the theatrical season, and it will have an especial interest for many Torontonians because a gifted Canadian, Franklin M'Leay, a Woodstock boy, cuts a figure in the production second only to Barrett himself. His part is that of Pennu, a product of oriental barbarity, who at the whim of his original master, Rameses, was manufactured from childhood into a monstrosity. The poor deformed fellow is supposed to be court buffoon, but he has in him the feelings of a man and becomes a subtle breeder of treason. The English press has greatly praised the work of the young comedian. The Daily News says that Mr. M'Leay shares with Mr. Barrett the honors of the evening. The Sporting Chronicle says that Pennu alone would make the play remarkable, the character being a fine conception, splendidly acted by Mr. Franklin M'Leay. I gather from the English papers that Pharaoh is a strong spectacular production.

Next week will be dedicated to opera at the Academy of Music. Monday and Tuesday (with special Tuesday matinee) there will be sung the famous opera Robin Hood by the Bostonian Opera Company, and from Wednesday night until the end of the week Pauline Hall and her excellent company will sing Puritania. There is perhaps, in the English language, no legend so

popular as that of Robin Hood, the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon. Ever since the fifteenth century, nursery rhymes and classics have told of the adventures of this bold nobleman who "shot the king's deer and fought the king's men," and there is hardly a child in this country, or in England, who has not had visions of green Sherwood Forest with its camp fires and its smoking haunches of venison; its jolly Friar Tuck and hardy, athletic Little John. The story, familiar to all, I shall not revive here, leaving the gifted singers to do that with more grace and greater acceptance than I could hope for. The seats for Robin Hood are being eagerly bought up at the Academy box office.

Puritania, or the Earl and the Maid of Salem, is a high order of comic opera, with the scenes laid at Salem, Mass., in the year 1665, and at the palace of Charles II. of England. The story is based on witchcraft. The book is by Mr. C. S. M. McLellan, and Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelley composed the music, which is spoken of as being bright and full of melody from start to finish. The opera has achieved great success everywhere for its complete merit, and the cast, headed by the charming Pauline Hall, is notable for the many clever artists, prominent among whom are Jacques Kruger, Harry Macdonough, Frank David, Eva Davenport, Irene Verona, Jennie Eddy, and many others. The chorus numbers upwards of fifty. In Puritania, Pauline Hall brings to us what is claimed to be one of the most pretentious productions seen here for a long time.

The famous Clemenceau Case will be on at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week. This is the play that the New York authorities interfered with when it first came out. At the beginning of the third act Iza originally disrobed and posed for her artist lover, wearing an invisible suit of flesh-colored tights. This was too much for the public, the sensation at the disrobing being terrific. Now, Iza does not disrobe, being disrobed when the curtain rises and is quickly covered with a cloak. The model scene is the least objectionable feature of the play as it now stands, and to speak out the truth, the whole plot and action of the piece are broad and impure and can be of no possible good to the morals of the community. There is no use being hypocritical about the matter, though, for if the public did not wish to see such plays they would disappear. What the public craves for, theater managers will supply. That is the law and order of the thing. Emma Bell plays the role of Iza, and here again managerial shrewdness has been exercised. Robert Bruning takes the part of Pierre Clemenceau. Dorothy Drew and Hulda Halvers, the novelty dancers, will probably contribute something to the proceeding highly artistic without being objectionable.

MACK.

A Good Imitation.

Old Walt Houston used to remark as how the funniest thing he ever seen was in Shookville town hall about four years ago, the time a ventriloquist feller come up to our town to give a entertainment. There wuz about forty people in the hall settin' down, an' about fifty more outside the hall standin' on two planks, the ends of which wuz rosted on piles of loose boxes which raised 'em high enough to peek in the windows that had been opened on account of the heat. Well, this yer chap, he came out and give a real good show, but I guess he warn't pretty well pleased at the outside arrangement, particular as some of the toughest chaps made audible remarks during the performance through the windows. When he came on for the second part he had a piece of rope in his hand, 't' end of which appeared to run out of the back door of the hall.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he sez, "I shall open the second part of my programme with a new and startling imitashun," he sez.

"Hear, hear!" sez young Amariah Bell, through the window.

"Ah! my boy, you'll say there, there! in a minit," sez the show feller, an' then he continued: "This imitashun will be the kind of sound a lot of mean cusses—as were too blame low-down to buy tickets to a show, an' instead

of doing so stuck loose boxes and planks up outside so they could see in the winders—would make if somebody went and tied a rope to them boxes when they warn't looking, and then gave it a pull like this." He then pulled the rope, remarkin': "Look out for the imitashun, ladies and gentlemen." Well, Walt Houston sez the way those heads disappeared from the winders, and the row they kicked up when they went ker-smash, wuz too funny for anything.

UNCLE ARTIE.

One Side of the Question.

The teacher is the natural enemy of the pupil. No one thinks this strange until he teaches himself, then it becomes bewildering. Since your child, as heaven knows, is clever, it must be the teacher's fault if the child can't work arithmetically. A few children are acknowledged by their parents not to be clever—in that case they are good, much better than the teacher, who is but a clay.

Some men teach in order to live, some, it would seem, in order to die. Women teach till they get married, men till they achieve a profession. A few teach because they love it. It may even be that a teacher loves his pupils. This is not a good investment in a worldly sense.

The best test of a teacher's fitness is the number of successful pupils sent by him to the frequent examinations. A teacher's salary should be based on these results. The fairness of this arrangement is evident to the weakest mind. Examinations are the only infallible tests. The more frequent the examinations the better for the pupil. Early experiments in agriculture, however, decided the advisability of examining the roots of a growing plant.

PENNY.

Bobby's Composition on a Hen.

A hen can lay an egg every day and he eats sand to make the egg shell. If a fox comes along a hen can roost on the fence, for a hen don't like to get by a fox.

Hens love to scratch up flower-beds with their hind legs fer to get the seeds an' fish-rooms. When hens is hatchin' they sit on their eggs, but that don't smash 'em, fer hens is all over feathers and feathers is awful light. Some hens are woman righters and tries to crow like the roosters, but they was only ment for to cackle. Hens hates water—only fer to drink—cos their toes ain't joined like geese's and they ud get drowned sure pop. PIXSY.

Old Bill Took a Crack at It.

All day the hunters had been bowling across the plains, not quite sure of the route they traveled and keeping suspicious eyes upon the half-breed guide who cantered in advance upon a wiry broncho. The Indians were in the habit of swooping down upon small bodies of white men and wiping them out for the sake of such plunder as they could glean, and the guide had somehow inspired the party with fears that he harbored treacherous designs. Old Bill, the veteran of the expedition, looked to his rifle and intimated to his comrades that if the guide was in cahoots with Indians he would not be able to claim a share of the plunder. He said he had a pretty sure notion that whether this crowd went to kingdom-come or went straight along over the prairie, that guide would be number one in the procession just the same.

Night fell and still they proceeded, the half-breed's anxiety to camp being the chief reason for pushing on; but at last the men decided to halt until the first streak of day. The horses were picketed around to eat bunch grass, the half-breed rolled himself in a blanket and ostensibly went to sleep beneath the wagon. Two of the men sought slumber in the vehicle and the other two stood guard with ready rifles. A sense of danger brooded over them all, mutually understood without being openly mentioned.

Two hours elapsed and those on guard had probably dozed into a light sleep, when they were aroused into terrified activity by a mighty thunder sound, the ground trembled, and a great shriek split the air. Springing to their guns the plainsmen saw rushing down upon them an enormous Something with one large, brilliant, fiery eye. On it came, louder, nearer, bigger, that monster eye throwing flashes far ahead. Old Bill's gun jumped to his shoulder and spat out its deadly message—in vain, for though the eye blinked and shivered, it never paused.

It dashed by them fifty yards to the right—an express train going forty miles an hour! They had in the darkness camped beside the track of the first railroad across the plains, and for the first time saw the cars. ZEKE.

The Beneficent Old Lady.

They had the brushed and shining appearance of children on a visit, three of them, standing on the doorstep of the beneficent old lady. It was the first visit of the youngest and she looked at a strange world with guileless eyes. The countenances of the other two were slightly relaxed with the expectations of good things to come.

The beneficent old lady was seated in an arm chair. She kissed them, then they were dismissed to the care of an elderly maiden. They had grapes broken from the vine and cake of great age and richness. To-morrow they would be ill, but to-day—what mattered it—they played in the garden.

It was time to go home and one by one they were presented to the old lady, who fumbled with both hands in a wide skirt and put something hard and round in each right hand, saying, "Don't look till you get home."

By the time they had gone a block the eldest said, "I am going to look." So she opened her hand and in it was a silver quarter. Then the next opened his hand and in it was a silver quarter. Last of all the youngest opened her hand and in it—oh soft, pink palm, oh strange, uncomfortable world—in it was one brown cent!

She had always been secretly afraid that she was less worthy than other people. Now even the old lady knew it.

The boy said, "Let's go back and tell her." The eldest said, "Let's go and tell mother. I am sure the old lady meant to give her a quarter."

But the youngest said, "You will always have a quarter more than me."

PENNY.

Mary Ann is Coming Home.

For Saturday Night.

Mary Ann is coming home—
Coming home to-night,
Daddy's gone away to fetch her—
Make her old home bright.
For a farmer all the summer
She's been working hard,
And a purse of thirty dollars
Has been her reward.
She will bring it all to mother,
She's as good as wheat;
Was there ever such another—
Make her bed-room neat!

Put a flower pot in her window,
Make her pillows soft;
She has hungered for home-coming
Many times and oft;
Roast some apples in the ashes,
Put the kettle on,
We will wait to make her welcome,
If we wait till dawn.
Mother, here's your Sunday apron
Ironed smooth and bright;
Children, wash your faces—someone's
Coming home to-night.

We will hear poor daddy's wagon
When it's on the ridge,
And if not we'll surely hear it
When it strikes the bridge.
Heater—Jennie! lay the table,
Put ma's china down,
Move as quick as you are able,
Make the biscuits brown;
Roast some chestnuts on the fender,
Make that lamp glass bright,
For our sister sweet and tender
Comes to us to-night.

Dad will drive—you know he rarely
Ever misses meals.
Nero's barking in the orchard,
There—I heard the wheels!
Leave the kitchen door wide open,
Hear the wagon roll!
Listen!—that was Dolly's signal
Calling to her foal.
Hark! a rustling in the lilacs,
Ah, I hope I'm right.
Mary Ann!—is this our darling?
Welcome home to-night!

Rushdale Farm. R. K. KERRIGAN (THE KHAM).

Autumn Weather.

For Saturday Night.

For days and days the silent sky
Gave back no gleam of sun or star,
And gloom, unbroken near or far,
Grew heavy to the wistful eye.
The trees hung, crouching from the rain,
On meadows o'd and dank and gray;
And we, thro' splash'd and dripping pane,
Look'd out, and sigh'd the hours away.
All day within the shadowy house,
We sat and read and paced and sat;
No sound but purring of the cat,
Or scampering of rafters, mouse,
Disturb'd our languor, save aloof
The steady patter on the roof,
Or, sometimes, down the road
The rumbling of a distant load.

And still it rain'd! It splash'd and pour'd
On all the landscape all the day!
And all the night the eave-trough roar'd
And drum'd, half-heard and far-away,
Troubling our visions as we lay
Asleep, or woke, expecting day.

Oh! we were weary. Such a rain!
The long hours, bound 'neath broding skies,
To melancholy thoughts gave rise,
And longings full of strange, dull pain.

But, oh! at last a rising gale!
And scattering clouds, with rifts of blue!
And cold, keen sunlight flushing thro',
To bring to earth a hopeful tale!
The night comes on with gleaming skies,
And roof and eaves give forth no sound.
We slumber; and, with dawning, rise
To find a brittle sunlight lies
On sparkling fields of frozen ground!

JAS. A. TUCKER.

When Skies are Dark.

For Saturday Night.

Fade away in the sombre clouds,
Sail to the port in the gray-based sky,
Pierce the murky air with your cry,
Storm birds robed in your sable shrouds!
But I must watch for the first faint blue,
And the eyes with the love-light shining through.

Red and lurid the lights appear,
Far beyond in the steady dome,
Ravens fleet as your angry home;
Dead leaves follow, withered and sere;
I wait for the heart that is warm and bright,
And the love that knows no stormy night.

Rock and low in the flinging spray,
Terror-haunts of the evil star;
See on ship o'er the harbor bars
Bend and groan on her homeward way.
I follow a pathway paved with gold,
And hear the story that ne'er grows old.

The clouds will fade from the sky some day;
The blue will shine and the birds sing clear;
Over the mountains the day draws near,
Soothing to ripples the storm-loosed spray.
But I must watch with the blood-red sun,
For what were life if love were gone?

LAURIE DARR.

If I Were Only Young.

For Saturday Night.

If I were only young
I'd call sweet flowers for thee!
The rose should blush a ruby red,
Its opening buds love's income shed,
Its petals wide their beauty spread
For thee, and only thee!

If I were only young,
I'd deck my form for thee
In gleaming silks and satins bright,
And diamonds flashing to the light,
To be a glory in thy sight,
If I were only young!

If I were only young,
I'd sing sweet songs for thee!
I'd sing in low contralto tone
To thee, my king; to thee alone!
Ah, love, I'd win thee for mine own,
If I were only young!

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE (CARIE SIMA).

Ocean Waves.

For Saturday Night.

I stand upon the broad Atlantic's shore,
And hark old ocean sing his doleful song,
And see the billows as they rush along,
Not caring for the sea-gulls that they bore,
Nor for the boatman and his finny store,
But bearing on their watery breasts a throng
Of burdens, which to foreign lands belong;
And as I stood and gazed, I saw them pour
All these strange relics on the sandy beach,
And then rush back, but leave upon the sand
The distant relics, there to lie and bleach.
I mused on these, that told of a foreign land,
The wares that brought them, and they seemed to teach
The power a passing stranger may command.

Galt, Ont.

A. W. CRAWFORD.

Between You and Me.

DID you ever have too good a time? If you did, you will understand what I mean; if not, I dare say it won't be hard to explain that you don't discover the extra amount of goodness until the next day. You laugh, and chatter, and dance, and enjoy yourself just a little too long, and everything goes wrong when the reaction sets in. I had such a good time last night at such a lovely ball, and danced with a clear conscience and a light heart, because I knew just what was going to fill this column to-day, and as it interested me, I was confident it would interest my dear paper friends as well. As the bad little boys say, "Did you ever get left," as I did, when another stole my thunder and got my notions in print ahead of me? It is rather funny to be too sure of yourself; and while a sort of *pot pourri* of salad, and oyster soup, and kilties, and waltzes and a wet rain are beclouding my wits, I must laugh at the complete scoop the other one got on Lady Gay.

There! a laugh is such a blessing I wonder more people don't indulge in it. What a variety of laughs there are, anyway! Almost as great an assortment as there are of walks. The giggle is scarcely a laugh, more a shuffle along the way of hilarity; the sharp, unending, and laugh, like the gingerly gait of tight shoes, is artificial, hollow and a mockery; the chuckle is a sort of elderly *pas seul*; the clear, loud guffaw stands for the solid, brisk, all-alive step of the man and woman of weight and muscle; the uncouth, naughty laugh for the flat-footed pad of much avoirdupois! But there is a laugh so delightful, so full of fun and bonhomie, so like a silver chime of joy bells that it throws a glamor over the laughter and makes young her forty or fifty or eighty years, that strikes a spark from a heart of flint, that makes wrinkles which don't go deep, and sends a ray of merriment into the groutiest and gloomiest soul. No earthly footfall answers to this lovely sound; it is sweet, bright, bubbling as champagne, and only the toes of fairies could trip to its music. One woman in a thousand attains to it, and it is in her charm that never fails to attract. In short, there are more fraudulent, ugly and disagreeable laughs than imitations of the Kohinoor diamond.

There are a great many *debutantes* this season in the various circles of Toronto society, and I suppose in nine cases out of ten, the realities will not come up to the anticipations of the coming winter. There will be girls so shielded, so cared, so crowned, and so bolstered with every sort of attention and encouragement from the giddy world, whose vagrant fancy lights on them, that the coming-out season, from the opening ball to the last post pascal tea, will be one long round of pleasant experiences. I have seen these young, flower-crowned queens, and I have seen a good many others! There is no need of talking to the radiant youngster, as she stands knee-deep in bliss, but there is room for a word to the others. Girls, dear, should unkind fate decree that you attend a stupid party, with a careless hostess and beaux at a premium, brace up to the fight, smile, be bright and witty and busy for the entertainment of everyone but yourself, and verily, great will be your harvest. Your hostess will ask you again, worse luck; people will grow to like you, for your good-will; men will graciously dance with you, and other men, who don't dance, will see you are fed. Have a funny story for the wallflower and a very sincere compliment for the chaperone, a look of admiration, honestly untinted with envy, for the belle. It is not her fault that she eclipses you—it's your own, you know! If the evening is too utterly trying, make fun of it—but not to a mortal living but yourself. I remember once exchanging confidences with an ancient portrait in a daguerrotype frame as to what I thought of our hostess and her party, when I, a bride, had been left for two mortal hours in a corner, and the shiny-faced gentleman in the stock and curled wig had quite a good time of it. He heard the truth of his granddaughter, and it was enough to make him turn in his frame, but it was a wonderful relief to my wounded conceit. And above all things, dear maiden *debutantes*, remember that all parties are not stupid, all hostesses do not neglect you. Men are sometimes in the majority and the sun will shine again. One thing more, though their right hands may forget their cunning, the mean wretches will never forget a sulky face nor yet forgive it!

Cheerfulness is such a useful virtue; one sees it fully developed; idealized, as it were, in the person of the unfortunate individual whose name recalls to us a small leather case of sewing implements, a "Lady's Companion." Generally the old country folk who advertise for her are the very most uncompanionable of mortals (hardly mortals, either, for they live to most eternal ages) old women with shocking tempers, or fancied disorders, or pet complaints, or some one or other trait which unfits them for decent society. The lady's companion, for English women are only getting out of swaddling clothes as regards self-support. I sometimes think of the armies of wretched, dependent females who wear prunellas and ride with their backs to the horses, who pick up stitches, and humor invalids and say Amen! to divers ungodly utterances, all for a home and a pittance, and though other editors get ahead of me, and a grimy-handed imp demands copy when I want to go to sleep, and the rain comes down unceasingly, I am glad I have a chance to pity someone, and that my fitful cheerfulness doesn't have any greater strain on it.

Individualities.

The Duke of Devonshire denies that he has become a Roman Catholic. Dr. Taefel, body physician to the King of Wurtemberg, has become insane and been taken to an asylum. Moody and Sankey are said to have received one million two hundred thousand dollars in royalties from their gospel hymns. Advice from Zanzibar state that the

Wahehes attacked the Germans near Kilossa, and killed Lieutenant Bruening and four soldiers.

The Pope has warned France that unless its aggressive policy against the Vatican is abandoned the next batch of French cardinals created will be the last.

Abbe Lenz's first concert programme, when he was only nine years old, has been discovered. It bears date of 1820. The performance was given in Oldenburg.

Sims Reeves is principal professor of singing at the Guildhall School of Music. He is now seventy years of age. He went on the operatic stage in his eighteenth year, beginning his career, strangely enough, as a baritone.

The King of the Hellenes has received a magnificent silver-gilt table service, as a silver wedding present, the joint gift of the King and Queen of Denmark, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

The latest news regarding that international scandal—the Deacon affair—indicates that the wronged husband will not press for a severe penal verdict against Mrs. Deacon, and that he will be content with a surrender on her part of the children. The erring woman, whose folly brought death to one man and ruin to another, is said to be quite ready to accede to all demands of her husband.

It is rumored that William A. Slater of Norwich, Conn., the cotton manufacturer, and the son of the late John F. Slater, who gave one million dollars for the education of colored people, is to have a steam yacht, by a designer not named, "which is to eclipse anything now afloat." He now owns an elegant yacht, the Sagamore, in which he made an extended ocean voyage about a year ago.

Sullivan, Gilbert and Carter—up to the time of the dissolution of partnership—made about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars apiece. Besides this, Sir Arthur must derive a considerable sum from his other musical works, for the operas and operettas have been but a small part of his life's work. In his song writing, which is extensive, his popularity has been greater, perhaps, than that of any other English composer.

The Empress Eugenie is attracting a great deal of attention at Bath, where she is naturally a notable figure in the Pump-room. She is still a striking and handsome personality, with her smooth, white hair, erect carriage, and fine features; but there is no longer the smallest pretense of youth, and it is not so difficult as it used to be to believe that she is only eight years younger than the Queen.

The little twelve-year-old Queen of Holland is described as a charming child, with a sweet, regular set of features, a clear, enquiring look, quick movements, without appearing boisterous, lively, gay and laughing; but it is not all play with her. The little Sovereign's studies are watched over carefully by the Queen Regent, and directed by an English governess and experienced masters. In her quality of being Dutch, Wilhelmina is of an extremely independent character, and even a little malicious sometimes.

The fact that the relations now existing between the young Emperor of Germany and his widowed mother are not only pleasant but affectionate, has been emphasized by the presentation to the latter, by the emperor, of a deed to the castle of Kronberg. About a year ago the empress expressed a desire to purchase this ruined castle and the land which goes with it. On the following Christmas the empress found upon her table a communication from the emperor, saying that it would afford him the greatest pleasure to present to the empress the Schloss Kronberg as his Christmas gift.

General Benjamin F. Butler is said to make one hundred thousand dollars a year from his law practice, but age is coming upon him with rapid strides, forcing him to give up some of the hard work necessary to earn such an income. He is now nearly seventy-five and visibly older than he was a few years ago. He is very much bent and his eyesight is poor, but his mind is as keen as when young. For a man of his bluff nature he has always had a curious weakness for striking clothes. He used to like to wear fur overcoats and cowboy hats, the latter an adaptation of his army *chapeau*, but nowadays his tastes are quieter.

Among recent deaths in Paris is that of M. Roulez, the hero of the quadruple duel of some months ago. For the last two months he has been confined in a mad-house. He was anxious to see his name in print, and it must certainly be admitted that he realized his desire, for the fantastic story of his quadruple duel, which was swallowed with such eagerness by even the most sedate and sensible organs of the Parisian press, was telegraphed and cabled to every portion of the civilized globe. It was only several days afterward that the enterprising reporter set to work to investigate the entire affair, and laid bare the fact M. Roulez had palmed off a gigantic joke upon his countrymen.

He Knew.

Booby, like most juveniles, is of an enquiring turn of mind. On one occasion he found a very curious plant in regard to whose name, notwithstanding many questions put to different authorities, he could get no information. At last he said, "I guess I'll have to ask brother Jack, because," adding with reverential awe, "he knows like the mischief." H. T. C.

One on Tom.

After dinner one evening, at Tom Moore's home, the conversation turned on the Irish aptitude to "bull." "By the way, Mr. Moore," said a young Englishman, "I've found you out in an Irish bull." "Indeed," said the guilty poet; "pray, what is it?"

"Oh," said young Literal, "in that song of The Watchman, you say, in the last verse: 'And see the sky, 'tis morning—' So now, indeed, good night."

"Upon my word," said an old gentleman, "I never observed that bull before."

"Nor I, either," said Moore gravely.

No Use Repining.

Jinks—It turns out that the singer who introduced *Ta-ra-ra-Boom* isn't dead, after all. Winks—Oh, well, it wouldn't have done any good, anyhow. Lots of other singers know it.

Our Boys and Girls.

Something Sweet and Wholesome About the Little Toddlers Who Gladden the Earth.
BY HELEN GRAFTON.



HERE is no error in acknowledging the current philosophy of the day, in so far as to agree that boys and girls are derived from babies by a process of evolution. For instance, observe with what unerring instinct a portion of them will select the dolls, tea sets, ribbons, and dainty fadals from out of a miscellaneous collection. These specimens of babyhood we may safely set down as girls, and forthwith consign them to the ignominious petticoat. The other representatives who eagerly lay hands upon drums, swords, spades and hammers, may be put into breeches without further question.

When the transformation is effected from baby long clothes to the distinguishing petticoats and breeches, how rapidly the little people develop in the direction of their diverse yet ever united destinies. The baby boy knows he is a superior being as soon as he is able to think at all. Girls, he thinks contemptuously, are only created to wait on him and see that he is amused. Misguided infant! What he now so despises will one day rule him with a rod of iron. Of all the attributes of childhood the imagination is the most admirable and wonderful. Potent as a fairy's wand, it can change the vilest dirt and dross into gold and jewels and fairest flowers.

No wealthy dame parading her costly Sevres or Worcester appreciates their splendor or receives such unalloyed pleasure from their possession as does the demure little damsel playing "tea" with her broken china teacups, spread carefully out upon the "stoop." No famous horse fancier ever possessed a nobler stud than Johnny can show you, comprised of broomsticks, canes and old kitchen chairs. Children seem to prefer rude and improvised playthings, changed by their own imagining, to the more artistic and skillfully made toys bought at the legitimate toy-shop. A sad cynic is he who does not sympathize rather than sneer at the simple enjoyments of our boys and girls. All too soon the little woman wears of her broken crockery, sham jewelry and unreal tea parties, and demands realities, while Johnny becomes disgusted with his fastest trotting broomstick and clamors for a real horse.

"I go to school!" Such is Johnny's announcement now, and a sturdy little figure, with school-bag strapped about him, struts consequently off to the halls of learning, his demure little sister gazing in awe after the miniature lord of creation.

I have a little niece who went to Sunday school for the first time the other Sunday. When she returned home her mamma asked her what she had learned. "Nothing," was the answer. "Didn't learn anything!" says mamma, surprised. "Why didn't the teacher ask you any questions?" "Oh, yes! mamma, she did. She asked me if I had any coppers."

It wasn't a Methodist Sunday school either. But a little while, and then bats and broomsticks are thrown aside; dolls and dishes give place to beaux and parties. Our little girl becomes a grown-up young lady; our little boy a grown-up man—both to realize, then, how far different the reality is from the simpler imagination of their childish days.

"Oh, to be a boy again!" the world-weary man exclaims, "with all a boy's light-hearted enjoyment of life. No cares, no thought of tomorrow; each day to take care of itself. What an elysium to look back upon, but it is gone forever."

The weary mother, nursing her baby, looks back with a sigh to those bygone days of sham housekeeping and unreal babies, never more to come back to her, but to be lived over again by her own boys and girls.

The Drama of Old.



ALTHOUGH there has been in all races that natural love of imitation which prompts man to embellish with dramatic action the most simple narrative, yet, if we wish to trace the birth and early growth of dramatic, as apart from epic and lyric poetry, we must turn to the classic soil of Greece, the kindly mother of art and song. There are, it is true, instances in ancient Hebrew literature of dramatic dialogue, e. g., in the Book of Job, and of lyric poems in dramatic setting, e. g., Solomon's song. But as we understand the expression now, the Hebrews had no drama. The Hindus and certain other ancient races had a slight approach to dramatic composition; but to that marvelous people, the Greeks, the most gifted race the world has ever seen, it is that we owe the origin of the drama proper.

It appeared at first only in a few festivals, chiefly those of the god Dionysus, or Bacchus, the earliest form being that of a choral song. Gradually it became purified from the extraneous pantomime and dance, and divided into the two parts, which it still retains—comedy and tragedy—the word tragedy, derived from the word for goat, either because a goat was sacrificed or because the players were dressed in goat-skins, or because a goat was the prize; and comedy, from a word meaning a village, because the players strolled

A Frightful Situation



First Anarchist—Vot vas der madder mit Schimmelspeck? Second Anarchist—His wife will give him to a policeman ohf he don't come home; und ohf he comes home she will make him work!—Fuch.

from village to village, or from a word meaning a revel—the revelers' song.

And so, as time went on, these crude dramatic efforts developed into a literature perhaps unequalled in the history of the world, the crowning glories of which were the plays of Aristophanes and Sophocles and Eschylus.

The Romans were not a great dramatic people. In fact, their earliest productions were drawn from the Etruscans; and of their later efforts the most successful were copies from foreign masters, especially the Greeks. With the fall of Pagan Rome all art declined; this being a very unfortunate result of the early diffusion of Christianity, a result brought about by the desire of the converts to avoid every approach towards idolatry (in pictures, statues, etc.) and by the increased solemnity with which life was regarded, a solemnity inconsistent with the lighter arts of life. Indeed, anyone connected with the theater was refused baptism; and in course of time dramatic poetry existed among the Romans in the form only of Saturnalian pageants and similar relics of the past.

To Italy belongs the honor of having awakened the dramatic spirit after its long sleep in the middle ages. This awakening spread throughout Europe, Spain giving her Cervantes and Calderon; France her Corneille, Moliere, and Racine; Germany, her Lessing, her Villiglow, her Goethe; and England, her "rare Ben Jonson," her Shakespeare, and her Dryden.

The progress of dramatic representation has kept pace with that of the drama itself. In the earliest ages it was of necessity very rude, there being scarcely such a thing as scenery or stage appointments, and the actors wearing masks. [From this, by the way, we have our word "person," literally he who "sounded through the mask," i. e., played a part.] Gradually these accessories improved. But with the Greeks and Romans the chief stress was always laid upon the actual utterance of the words, accompanied by appropriate gestures, i. e., upon individual acting. In this regard it is very doubtful whether the world has improved in the slightest degree upon the fundamental principles of Greek dramatic presentation.

It was not customary with the Greeks and their imitators to have plays in theaters, as we understand that term. They were held, almost always, in open-air structures, or amphitheaters. These were of beautiful construction, and their situation was always chosen with reference to its beauty and its fitness for the purpose, the material employed being stone, and generally marble. With the brilliant awnings (as a protection from the sun), with the bright sky above, and the blue sea in the distance, with the motley throngs seated tier above tier, all intent upon the slightest word and motion of the actor—for we are told that every man in Athens, however humble, was a critic of poetry and of acting—these gatherings must have indeed presented a spectacle calculated to awaken all the genius and enthusiasm of that gifted race.

The Romans, whilst adopting the open air, or uncovered theater, so suitable to the south of Europe, yet were more fond of contests of strength and courage, such as combats, gladiatorial contests and mock naval battles. They had, however, regular theatrical performances, the actors being largely foreigners; and every Roman city had its theater, remains of which are seen throughout Europe. How vast these were the ruins tell us. The Colosseum of Rome, of solid stone, which still stands, held sitting 80,000, and sitting and standing, 110,000. Nothing is more interesting in the revelations from recent excavations at Pompeii than the bulletins or programmes of the performances at the various theaters ere the ashes of Vesuvius hid that city from the world for 1800 years.

In the middle ages the earliest form of representation was the miracle play, which depicted Bible events, the life of Joseph, the coming out of Egypt, and even the life of Christ. At first the influence of these miracle plays was undoubtedly good. They were under the supervision of the church; and there being no printed books, these were the most effective means of instruction. To us now it would appear rather incongruous to have God and Satan and the angels all represented on the stage and attired in the costume of the day; but to the simple minded people of that age it seemed the most natural thing in the world. The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau in Bavaria is a relic of this old-time custom. Indeed, the expression, Punch and Judy, still keeps it alive, for it means: *Pontius cum Judaea*—Pontius with the Jews.

After a time, however, these miracle plays became so bolsterous and irreverent that they were discouraged by the church. They were then superseded by the Morality Plays, in which the actors did not represent actual Bible personages, but moral qualities: mercy, peace, and so on, somewhat after the fashion of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. These after a

time declined in popularity—the people wanted something less abstract—and they were succeeded by plays after the modern type; the first of such appearing in England in the middle of the sixteenth century, shortly before Shakespeare's time.

And who can estimate the advance from the old Globe theater where Shakespeare used to play, in the days when scenery was described, "This is a house," etc., and when the moon was carried round and held up in the sky by a boy, to the perfectly appointed theater of today, bright with electric light and embellished with every device of the nineteenth century art? In nothing has the progress of the world been more clearly seen than on the stage settings of the drama; and yet the old dramatists remain still the envy and despair of the playwrights of all time.

Hamilton, Ont. J. H. LONG.

Art and Artists.

G. A. Reid, R. C. A., has returned from his vacation in the Catskill Mountains, where he has built a large studio for future use. He is at present busy on a work for the World's Fair. About two hundred of the choicest pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Reid will be on exhibition at the Mart, December 10, 11, 12 and 13.

Miss Peel is at work on a bust of Prof. Loudon, president of Toronto University.

F. S. Challoner, A. R. C. A., with his usual modesty purposes sending but few pictures to Chicago and they are all small ones.

O. P. Staples is at present busy doing illustrating for Christmas publications.

W. A. Sherwood, A. R. C. A., has lately finished a capital portrait of Emmet Irving, Q. C., and in the opinion of many it is his best work.

J. A. Radford, O. S. A., has made a promising sketch of the picture he will send to Chicago. If he carries it through properly it will distance anything I have seen from his brush for a long time.

J. W. L. Forster, A. R. C. A., lately presented his well known portrait in oil of Sandford Fleming, C. E., LL. D., C. M. G., to the Canadian Institute, which highly appreciated the handsome gift, the donor having been the founder and first president of the Institute. The picture will have a historical value. The Institute passed the following resolution of thanks: "Moved by G. Kennedy, Ph.D., seconded by Mr. Pursey, in accepting from Mr. Forster his magnificent gift of a portrait of our distinguished honorary member, Sandford Fleming, C. E., LL. D., C. M. G., the members of the Canadian Institute desire to express their appreciation of the unselfish devotion to art and the interest of the Institute which has prompted Mr. Forster to the generous act; and they hereby tender to him their sincere gratitude for so fine a specimen of his handiwork, which will, they trust, hand down to future generations the counterfeit presentation of one who so deservedly holds a high place in the respect, not only of the members of the Institute, but of the entire Dominion of Canada."

G. Bruenech, A. R. C. A., will hold an exhibition of his paintings in water color at Bain's bookstore, King street, next week. Among his best are: St. Paul's, London; Summer Afternoon, North Cape, Norway; Bogo Sound, Norway; A Gray Day, and Rousdal Valley, Norway.

T. Mower Martin, R. C. A., will do a large painting of the Rockies on the C. P. R. and one of his charming deer subjects for the Columbian Exhibition. The Toronto artists will undoubtedly make a good showing, both in number and quality of pictures sent.

Sam Jones will open the interesting winter lectures of the Ontario Society of Artists with his well known and entertaining talk on Tom Hood.

O. S. Wilkinson, O. S. A., accepted an invitation from the Hamilton Art School to be present and distribute the prizes to the students. He also had an exhibition of his water colors in the council chamber of the Mountain City, for the benefit of students and the public. In presenting the prizes Mr. Wilkinson refrained from making anything in the shape of an address, and learning afterwards that something had been expected of him he wrote a letter to Mr. Adam Brown, president of the society, which was published in the Hamilton papers. He pointed out the advantages now enjoyed by art students: how they did not require to possess riches and maintain a costly existence in remote cities, far from home and away from organization, good masters, and in the mountain and lake, scenery in great variety, for Hamilton young people especially.

At Matthew Bros., Yonge street, F. M. Bell-Smith has on display the best paintings in water colors he ever turned out. These were nearly all executed abroad and are of such merit as to justify the interest they arouse among art lovers.

VAN.

The Touch of a Vanished Hand

Written for Saturday Night by Rev. J. Smiley.

The following curious old manuscript I have just unearthed from a pile of rubbish which I was sorting over preparatory to committing it to the flames. It contains a story so curious, so out of the ordinary run of newspaper stories and of such breathless interest that I think it is a pity it should be destroyed. This is my excuse for submitting it to the general reader on its merits.

The manuscript came into my hands in this way. I have always had what some would term a mania for collecting old books. The announcement of a book auction would be sufficient at any time to attract my attention. In my pressing engagements for that evening, in my earlier years I bought without method or system, anything, everything so long as it was cheap. It may be easily surmised that I bought a lot of rubbish which, after a cursory glance over, I would consign to the limbo of a chest which I kept stored away in the garret, contents of which I considered neither useful enough to be worth referring to again nor ornamental enough to adorn my book-shelves.

Bundles of these old books and manuscripts that one must perforce buy without previous examination had a special attraction for me. That I bought not wisely, but lavishly, several chests now stored away in the garret could attest, any one of which I would be willing to sell by the hundredweight. But while I got much that was worthless, I would occasionally strike a prize.

It was away back in the sixties that I bought a bundle of old MSS. in this way, which on examination proved to be sermons, dated at a place called Twickenham and written during the years 1845 to 47. They were a neatly written, but the spelling was old-fashioned and the grammar not always according to Lindley Murray, but they were signed with an utterly illegible flourish such as was affected by the literati of those days. I gave a cursory examination to a few of these sermons, but what was not high Calvinism in them was immersionism, and as I did not incline to make a hobby of either of these I tumbled them into that particular chest which was then in process of being filled up. There they have lain till a few days ago, when in searching for something else I was attracted by the appearance of one of the sermons, as I took them all to be. It was tied around with a faded blue ribbon, on the knot of which was entwined a seal bearing the impress in wax of the initials R. V. in old English letters. I seized the manuscript and with the help of the initials tried to read it, but whether it was Vardon, or Verdon, or Watson, or Wilson, or Vampire, or something else must remain mere guess work I suppose till the end of the chapter. The first sentence, however, caught my attention, and I never flagged until the last syllable had been deciphered, and even yet it possesses an almost weird fascination for me. The only liberty I have taken with it is to correct the spelling and eliminate a few expressions which would appear coarse to the refined eye or preambles modern readers. Without title or preamble the MS. commenced:

"I am a preacher of the gospel and believe I am becoming insane. I have always had an interest in psychological studies and now propose to make one of myself, my object being to keep a record of those mental processes by which the reason is gradually but surely dethroned. I feel it coming with the stealthy but certain encroachment of fate. I have no means at present of determining whether it is to be violent madness or simple imbecility. It may be neither, and that is what I dread almost more than either of the above, namely, that species of lunacy which is quite obvious at intervals to one's own family but in which the subject has cunning enough left to conceal it from the outside world. I can already see in imagination my wife and children contemplating me with sidelong glances in which pity is more than half concealed by a look of horror which they promptly try to conceal by turning their faces away as my eyes seek theirs. I know they would consider no calamity short of capital crime equal to the disgrace of having an insane father, and I know the thing comes upon me they will make every effort possible to conceal it from the world.

"But I want the world to get the benefit of my present investigation of my own case. With that object I make this record. But how shall I preserve it when completed? If I put it under lock and key, it will surely find its way to the flames, as they will have no record of an insane father go down through the ages. I thought this question over before I commenced to write and made my resolve. I will write it on my sermon paper and file it away among my old sermons. It will be as safe there from molestation as if it were buried in the family Bible. This of itself is a species of insane cunning which makes me smile. I believe I almost take a degree of satisfaction in this proof that the work of undermining my reason is well under way. Still, I have sense enough to believe a record of my symptoms may be of benefit to my fellowmen by serving as beacon lights to warn them of the indications which lead up to the final catastrophe.

"The first symptom in my case is insomnia. Not ordinary insomnia, such as I have been troubled with at intervals for many years. That simply means sleeplessness. You lie awake in bed, tossing around the whole night long and trying to go to sleep. Perhaps for two or three nights in succession you will not sleep a wink, and then you go off into a sixteen or twenty hour slumber from which the last trumpet could hardly awaken you. Mine is not like that at all. I have had it now for more than three weeks, and for more than one week the conviction has been strengthening that it is to be permanent. This is what is driving me mad. The conviction of its permanence is more maddening than the insomnia itself. If I could get rid of this conviction I feel that I might be cured. If there was any wavering in the conviction, if it was weaker some days than others I might hope to get rid of it, but when every succeeding day only drives me more firmly and more firmly in my mind I know that no human intellect can stand the strain much longer. When the final catastrophe comes, who shall say what has caused it? Was it the insomnia or the conviction of its permanence? Herein may be a valuable question for experts in insanity to consider. I believe if I could be this day convinced that my malady is not permanent I should this night sleep like an infant, and in the morning I should be cured.

"So far as I know all insane patients have a dominant hallucination. That is what sane people call it, but to the insane man it is real as anything that enters into his experience. I have no hallucination, unless this conviction that I shall never enjoy a natural, healthful sleep again be one. I would to God someone could convince me that it is a mere delusion.

"But I have not described my malady. Just as soon as my head touches the pillow a nasty little headache comes and settles down in the middle of my forehead and commences rummaging around within a limited area. I do not feel it at all during the day. It comes so regularly and so often now at night, however, that I look upon it as a person and not a thing. When I feel its touch so promptly every night I just smile to myself and say, 'I told you so,' that simply means that while preparing for bed a passing wonder will sometimes hit into my mind whether it will be here again or time; but I always say, 'Yes, it is sure to come. Hence when it does come, 'I told you so' is the Job's comfort I take in the event. The reason I have personified this headache is, I sometimes fancy it talks to me. It sees things and keeps telling me what it sees and hears, and it is this incessant chatter all night long that keeps me awake. For the first three or four nights I thought perhaps this headache was owing to some irregularity of diet and that a pill or a bath or a walk

before bedtime would drive it away. But I have tried all these and a dozen other things without avail. The headache without doubt is the cause of the insomnia, but what is the cause of the headache? That mystery I cannot fathom. So far as I know I have perfect physical health, every night comes a sense of pulse and temperature normal. I have no cause for special worry, no exacting or fatiguing brain work. My surroundings are healthful. I take plenty of exercise. Then why should I have this headache at night? Why not also during the day? Someone wiser than I must grapple with these questions.

"In fact, it is hardly a headache at all, the ache is so faint. It is merely a feeble of uneasiness in that particular spot, just sufficient to concentrate the consciousness upon it. But I would rather have a jumping headache that would make me scream and the pain of which would exhaust my physical energies, for I know in that case nature would in mercy send oblivion sooner or later in a healthy, dreamless sleep. But this little ache, with its smirking as it settles down to work and commences an all-night chatter is exasperating in the extreme when I know what it forebodes. And just here seems the right place to describe what it does forebode. First of all, a half hour of intense effort in the exercise of will power to ignore it, refuse to listen to its chatter, and go to sleep. Then a sense of being worsted, a knowledge that it is of no use and an abandonment of myself to the inevitable. My sight and hearing are preternaturally acute; I can hear every tick of my watch and every purr of the cat downstairs as distinctly as if those to my ear. A distinct image forms itself before my eye of every object suggested to the mind. My little headache tells me what people are saying in their bedchambers. I hear the snoring of Daddy Storms a block away and this aggravates my own consciousness of wakefulness. Sooner or later every night comes a sense of dual personality. I lie on the bed facing the window with my eyes open. I see Mars setting in the west while Arcturus is about an hour high. I see my other self at a wayside inn. My wife and children sit with me before a blazing hearth, but as the fire burns after another on my arms, something else drops off. I will be left sure. I make a scoop with both arms and try to enclose everything and rush out. The bugle has already sounded, the coach has started, and in spite of my shouting and effort I am left alone. Perspiration streams from every pore. I instinctively refer my hand to my forehead as I lie in bed, and sure enough I have wiped a handful of perspiration from my own brow, which I saw just a moment ago on the brow of my other self.

"Do you say it was a dream? So would I if I did not know better. How could it be a dream when all through its duration I was lying there reasoning with myself? You must be dreaming, I would say. But I can't be dreaming; there is the window and there the looking-glass on the wall, and all the familiar objects in the bed-room faintly outlined by the starlight. You can pinch yourself; you know right well you are wide awake, and yet there you are, your other self, just left by the coach. But where? My other self had disappeared.

"This is a mere specimen. There is not a night of my recent life that I have not been conscious of this double consciousness. And the one is just as real to me as the other. Nearly always when I see my other self he is in some sort of predicament in which great danger is imminent, or some disturbing influence already upon him, and I suffer, the 'I' upon the bed suffers all the other 'I' would suffer if the visions in which he is concerned were realities. Even as I lie contemplating my two egos, I often find myself wondering whether there is not a third ego, viz.: That which keeps wondering how long this thing can last without unbalancing my mind.

"The thought of this double or treble consciousness is never absent for a moment during the day. I am mostly willing to admit to myself that I have no other than a visionary existence, but frequently I find myself scrutinizing narrowly the countenances and conduct of people whom I come in contact with. 'What is my object?' I ask myself, and the answer comes truthfully from some source, 'To discover your other self.' 'How do you expect to recognize him?' 'By certain symptoms of insanity.' And this narrow scrutiny of others has this result, that while I have not met a trace of my *alter ego*, I have discovered unmistakable signs of aberration of mind in my neighbors and friends. At first I could only find one or two in a day with such symptoms, but the number has increased so rapidly that I am persuaded fully fifty per cent. of the people I meet in a day are promising candidates for an insane asylum. But here I run up against a dead wall, and my impact with it gives me the shivers. It is this thought: Do not all insane people believe themselves sane and everybody else insane? I am afraid it is so, that as the drunken man hedges others are reeling even the trend and hedges reel in his mind, whereas he himself is

the only unstable element among them. So it must be with me; yet, even as I shiver at the thought, I am conscious of a measure of satisfaction in contemplating every additional evidence of my mental unsoundness. My reputation seems to be at stake in this matter. I would almost be better pleased to have my suspicion confirmed that I am losing my reason than to have somebody prove to me that I am capable of writing all this without having the slightest foundation, in fact, for it.

"Then there is this which bothers me: I can never hold any impression very long at a time except the one I have mentioned that I am never to sleep again. Even as I write and try to persuade myself that I am surely losing my mental equilibrium, my other self is at my elbow persuading me how absurd such a notion is. Just now he argues this way: 'You have said that insane people consider themselves sane; you consider yourself insane or approaching it, therefore, according to your own argument you cannot be insane.' Then I will say: 'But how can I have these notions which no sane man could cherish?' And then the reply is: 'The very fact that you admit they are mere notions is a proof of your sanity.' But, say I, 'how can you account for the rapid increase in the supposed insanity of the people I meet?' There is no reply to this and I take it as unanswerable. Then I make this calculation: If in nine days the number of insane people I meet has increased from one or two in a day to fifty per cent. of all I meet now, it will only take nine more days to increase this ratio to a hundred per cent., and then I shall be clean daff myself. This is how the matter appears to me, and my record of the development of my symptoms during the next nine days ought to be of interesting reading, and I hope and pray it may be helpful to someone whose hands it may fall. At the present sitting I will only record one other fact, which is a striking and all but conclusive proof that my malady is approaching a climax.

"I have spoken of my *alter ego* being clearly visible and very real to me during the night. So far I have not seen him at all during the day till yesterday. I was sitting in my arm chair by the fire, brooding. I suppose I must have been brooding, although I have no remembrance of what was passing through my mind. But on raising my eyes and looking towards my writing table I saw my other self sitting there absorbed in the task of writing a sermon. I watched him with curious interest for some moments, looking from one to the other to make very sure that there were two of us. I had never seen him so close before. He was my exact counterpart. I was afraid to speak, almost to move, lest I should dispel the illusion. I was able to follow the words as he wrote them. I was able to divine the thoughts which gave them birth. My whole soul was absorbed in the subject which he was writing. I did not move a muscle except to breathe, and that very quietly, till the last syllable was recorded and the signature appended. I then stealthily approached the chair from behind. I was anxious to prove by contact whether he was an illusion or a substantial reality. I seized his arm. Just as I expected, my fingers passed through it and closed on themselves. There was no arm tangible, there was no *alter ego* visible, but there was the sermon he had written in my own handwriting and my own exact signature thereto duly appended. The shock was terrific. Perspiration was trickling from every pore in my body. Some living thing was struggling to retain its place in my head which the perspiration was forcing out. Surely, thought I, this is the catastrophe that I have dreaded yet half hoped for. I put up my hand to my brow; and perspiration was ice cold to my touch. I sank into the chair and must have lost consciousness for a time.

"When I woke up the fire on the hearth had burned down. Darkness overspread the landscape without. A feeling of drowsiness as imperative as death itself urged me to my couch. I lay down and remember nothing more till the sun was high in the heavens this morning. I felt like a new man on awakening. My first sensation was that of having enjoyed an invigorating, healthful, dreamless sleep. My first action was to get down on my knees and thank God for His mercy. Even as I prayed I felt that I was being watched. I seemed to whisper to me, 'The spell is broken; you are saved.' I went around the house with a clear head and a light and thankful heart, till in process of time my eyes fell upon the sermon, which in the meantime I had forgotten, and all the old tumult of conflicting emotions returned with increased intensity. When the seething, swirling tumult had partially spent itself my resolve was taken. I would make a record of my experience up to date while I yet have the power. If the spell be indeed broken there will be no need to add more to this than the simple record that I am cured. If I sleep to night like an infant I will consider my cure effected, but if I see my *alter ego* again or have to listen to the chatter of my headache companion I will not be able tomorrow to write anything coherently.

Here the MS. ends abruptly. True, there is an appearance of a few lines having been added, but in a different ink or some material that has been so completely faded as only to leave a suspicion that they were ever written. It is curious how the touch of this vanished hand has taken hold of me. What perplexing questions it suggests. How it more than half reveals how little we know even about ourselves. How thankful it has made me for a sound mind in a healthy body. How inestimable a blessing refreshing sleep is and what an ingrate I am to allow the good Lord to load me down daily with so many benefits and yet do so little for Him in return in token of my gratitude. Hoping that similar desires and resolves may be engendered in the breast of all

A Sure Winner.



Deacon Hoppercraft—I call.
Brother Woolbrane—I've got four aces.
Deacon Hoppercraft (scooping in the chips)—Tain't no good.
Brother Woolbrane—Why, what you got?
Deacon Hoppercraft—Nero!
Brother Woolbrane—What's dat.
Deacon Hoppercraft—You ain't 'lowed to tell.—Puck.

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who read, I submit this curious record to the light of day.

Rather Superficial.

Bloobumper.—After all, beauty is only skin deep.
Spatta.—In many cases it is not so deep as that. It is often laid on the skin's surface.

Mr. Hobbs's Aspiration.

"I don't care nothin' about bein' made a lord," said Mr. Hobbs; "but of the gov'ment was a mind to make my wife a lady I wouldn't put nothin' in her way."

How Remarkable.

Riggs—There was one thing I could buy as cheaply at Surville-by-the-sea as I could at home.
Riggs—What in the world was it?
Riggs—Postage stamps.

A Wifely Rebuke.

"I think I'll have an oil portrait made," said Mr. Derrick, who had become suddenly rich in petroleum.
"There you go talking shop again!" exclaimed his wife, who was taking lessons in culture.

A Paradox.

Mr. New—On the stage they always have such dolt, wooden actors to represent dukes and kings.
Mr. Know—Yes; that's so as to have them true to life.

Their Way.

Mr. Bragg A. Docio (of Chicago)—Yes, sir; when we people attempt to do anything we roll up our sleeves and pitch in.
Mr. Fulton (of New York)—Yes, I have noticed it; I took dinner in your town once.

Change in Time for New York via Erie Railway.

You can leave Union Station, Toronto, at 12:50 p.m., arrive in Buffalo at 5:55 p.m. and leave Buffalo at 7:30 p.m., arriving in New York at 7:30 next morning, which makes this train two hours faster than ever before. You can also leave Toronto at 11 p.m., connecting with the Erie flyer at Hamilton, which is a solid vestibule train through to New York.

Quite a Question.

Brown.—If you go over there where the ice is thin you'll get drowned.
Little Johnnie.—If that's so, pa, how was it the man who put up the danger-sign didn't fall in?

Excursion to City of Mexico.

On Nov. 19 to 26 inclusive, the Wabash Railway will sell tickets to the City of Mexico at lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets good going via Detroit and St. Louis and returning via Chicago, or vice versa, valid up to Dec. 31. This will be the grandest opportunity ever given to see this ancient land of the Aztecs. Words fail in describing the majestic and beautiful scenery on this trip, admitted to be without equal on the American continent and not surpassed in the world. Full particulars at the Wabash new office, northeast corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Pressed For Time.

"Isn't Slowboy always behind in his work?" "I haven't found him so. Why do you ask?" "Well, it's taken him five years, eleven months and a half to sign a check for fifty dollars borrowed money."

It May be Interesting to Know

That when excursion rates are made to Chicago for people who live in the East, to enable them to attend the World's Fair next year, it is contemplated by the Western roads to also make excursion rates from Chicago to all principal business and tourist points in the West, Northwest and Southwest, so that those who desire to spend a few weeks among their friends in the Great West, may have an opportunity of so doing without incurring much additional expense. It may be well to consider this subject in advance of actual time of starting, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has issued maps and time tables and other instructive reading matter, which it will be glad to furnish free of expense upon application by postal card addressed to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., or to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

Cardinal Gibbons at Chicago.

Among those who took part in the Columbus celebration at Chicago was His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in whose prayer occurred these eloquent words: "As nineteen hundred years ago men assembled in Jerusalem from various portions of the Old World to hear from the lips of the apostles 'the wonderful works of God,' so shall we soon behold men assembled here from Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, from the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific, as well as from all parts of the American continent, to contemplate the wonderful works of man—of man created to thine image and likeness; of man endowed with divine intelligence; of man, the productions of whose genius manifest thy wisdom and creative power not less clearly than the heavens which declare thy glory, and the firmament which showeth forth the works of thy hands." And as every contemplative being and student of nature finds tongues in

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trees, books in the running brooks and sermons in stones, and rises from nature to nature's God, so will he devoutly rise from the contemplation of these works of human skill to the admiration of Thee, the uncreated architect. For every artist and man of genius who will exhibit his works within these inclosures must say, with the Royal Prophet, 'Thy hands, O God, have made and fashioned me, and with Bezaleel, who framed the ancient tabernacle, he must confess that thy spirit enlightened his understanding and guided his hands.'

Cannot Refrain.

"I cannot refrain," writes Mr. Robert George Watts, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., Albion House, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N. London, Eng., "from testifying to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in case of chronic rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia."

Named.

McCrackie—Do you know what is the best thing out?
McCrackie—No; what is it?
McCrackie—I haven't decided whether it's an aching tooth or a conflagration.

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Of all Grades in Barrels and Half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS

Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lbs. and 5 lb. each.

Mr. Grumble's Cure.

"The old story—the coffee con, the fire nearly out, and the room full of stifling smoke!"

Mr. Grumble drew his chair up to the breakfast table as he spoke, with the face of a martyr.

"The coffee is only just made, dear," said Mrs. Grumble, a pretty, timid-looking woman, with soft blue eyes and brown braids; "and don't really think the room is very cold. As for the smoke, I am sorry, but the man promised me to have the chimney seen to yesterday."

"Of course he did—nobody ever keeps promises to us," growled Mr. Grumble. "If it had been Smith, now, the chimney would have been seen to long ago. Do give me a piece of steak that is at least warmed through; we're not cannibals, that I know of, to eat our meat raw. But that's always the way—we never had a cook that understood how to broil a steak."

"But, my dear—," said Mrs. Grumble. "Don't tell me," interrupted Mr. Grumble. "I know just how things ought to be done. The paper hasn't come yet, I suppose? No, of course not. I really wish somebody would enlighten me as to why my paper is always half an hour later than anybody else's. If that baby doesn't leave off crying, I shall certainly go crazy."

"Its teeth trouble it," sighed Mrs. Grumble, leaving the breakfast table and walking up and down the room with her fretful little charge.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mr. Grumble sharply, charging at a slice of toast with his fork; "you coddle it too much, that's all."

Mrs. Grumble thought of the general commotion into which the house had been thrown about a month previously, when Mr. Grumble had had the toothache. But she only nestled the baby's velvet head against her shoulder, and said nothing—woman's way of disposing of a great many little martyrdoms.

"Now, then, where's my hat?" demanded Mr. Grumble, rising and looking round. "Very singular that that hat is never in its place!"

"It is just where you hung it yourself, papa, in the hall," said little Harry, from behind his spelling-book.

"Children shouldn't talk so much," said Mr. Grumble tartly. "My dear, that rent in the lining of my overcoat isn't mended yet—why did you not see to it?"

"I intended to do so," said his wife apologetically, "but you know we had company last night, and the baby slept so badly that I rose rather later than usual this morning; but—"

"Always some excuse," interrupted her liege lord. "I really don't understand the reason that nothing is ever done in this house."

He gave the front door a rap, in emphatic alarm as he went out, and little Mrs. Grumble, instead of rebelling against her husband's iron rule, just sat down and cried.

Mr. Grumble loved his wife by any means a bad husband. He really loved his wife, and believed himself to be a pattern of conjugal amiability; only he had, somehow or other, fallen into the unconscious habit of fault-finding, and like many another individual, whenever he couldn't think of anything else to do, he grumbled.

"Crying again, Bessie!" exclaimed her brother, coming in an hour or two later. "Now, that's too bad!—I suppose Henry has been treating you to another domestic growl? I've a great mind to tell him how uncomfortable you are made by his little eccentricities. Shall I, Bessie?"

"No, no—I wouldn't have you breathe a syllable to him for the world!" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Grumble, hurriedly drying her tears. "Henry doesn't mean to annoy me. He has the kindest heart in the world, and I know he loves me!"

"I dare say he does," said young Mr. Carlton, "but why is he fretting and fault-finding hour after hour, and day after day? Upon my word, Bessie, I think it's an oversight in our laws that there is not one to punish married men who scold!"

"Don't talk so, Tom," said Mrs. Grumble earnestly. "Henry isn't at all to blame, only baby is very troublesome, and I had an indifferent night's rest, and—"

"Oh, ah—I understand," said Tom significantly, smiling. "My dear little, forgiving Bessie, you ought to be a martyr of old."

He sat a moment in deep thought, then suddenly starting up, exclaimed: "I must be gone, or I shall be too late at the station to meet Uncle Tompkins. Did I mention to you, by the way, that Uncle Tompkins was coming to visit you?"

"Uncle Tompkins? I didn't know we had an Uncle Tompkins, Tom."

"Didn't you, dear? Well, please to prepare your best bed-room for company—the old gentleman is rather particular—grumbles a good deal, in fact; but then you are used to that sort of thing."

"But, Tom, I don't quite understand—"

"Don't detain me now, Bessie. I will come myself, with the old gentleman, and introduce him. Good-bye!"

The moment the door had closed behind Tom, Bessie put her baby in the cradle and clasped her hands in aching head. "What was Tom thinking of? How should she exist with another growler domiciled for nobody knew how long at the hearthstone? But perhaps they might neutralize one another, like two powerful poisons. There was a spice of comfort in that reflection, at least; and Bessie Grumble wiped her eyes, and almost smiled.

What was Mr. Grumble's surprise on coming home that evening, fully primed for a domestic trade on the subject of a button which had drifted down from his shirt front during the day, to find his special easy-chair and corner of the fire occupied by an asthmatic old man, whose head and face were enveloped in a silk handkerchief! He stopped short in amazement and horror.

"This is Uncle Tompkins, Henry," said Mrs. Grumble, who was busy warming a basin of gruel over the fire; and the old gentleman extended one finger without turning his head, saying, in a cracked voice:

"I wish, nephew, you would shut that door. Nobody ever thinks of shutting a door in this house! I am suffering from a terrible cold. What's that noise upstairs? I beg, niece, that your baby won't cry the whole time that I am here. Is tea ready? If so, I will take a cup here by the fire!"

"What does this mean, my dear?" ejaculated Mr. Grumble in a hurried whisper, and his wife, whose arm he had caught on the way to the kitchen for hot water for Uncle Tompkins, replied in the same tone:

"Oh! you mustn't mind my uncle, dear; he doesn't mean anything, only he is old and whimsical."

"But a man has no business to make everybody else uncomfortable in this sort of way," muttered Mr. Grumble.

He silently devoured his meal, secretly wondering how long Uncle Tompkins meant to stay. No sooner was the table cleared than the irascible old gentleman began again:

"Grumble," said he, "I wish you'd stop that creaking of your chair, my nerves are so weak; and if you could keep your children upstairs their racket wouldn't disturb me quite so much. I really don't know how I'm going to stand that baby's noise."

"I do not think it is a very noisy baby," said Mr. Grumble meekly. "Its teeth are very painful just at present."

Mrs. Grumble, who was poking the fire in accordance with her uncle's petulant request, said nothing but smiled quietly to hear her husband trying to extenuate the baby's sins.

"Well," remarked Uncle Tompkins, "all babies are noisy. And, by the way, Grumble, I wish you would oil the hinges of that squeaking door, and I don't like the smell of that geranium in the window. Hallo! you haven't any top button on your shirt front! I hope my niece isn't a careless wife!"

"Not at all, sir," said Mr. Grumble nervously; "but the care of her child and household duties absorb a great deal of her time."

The instant she finds leisure she will look to my clothes."

"I don't see how a woman can spend her whole time keeping house and looking after a pack of children," observed Uncle Tompkins incredulously.

About ten o'clock the old gentleman was ushered to the spare room, accompanied by a procession of medicine phials, a tub of hot water, woolen dressing robes, and heated blankets for his feet, and his absence occasioned very general relief.

"What an insufferable old duffer that is!" exclaimed Mr. Grumble, throwing himself, with a sigh of satisfaction, into his favorite seat once more. "My dear Bessie, how could you endure his eternal fault-finding?"

"I am accustomed to that, Henry; it is the lesson most married women are obliged to learn," replied Mrs. Grumble, with a slight sigh.

Her husband picked up his rars a little uneasily. "Accustomed to it?" What did she mean? It was not possible—it could not be possible—that he was like that odious old Uncle Tompkins. And yet he wished Bessie had not spoken in that way, somehow it made him feel excessively uncomfortable. Three days passed away, Uncle Tompkins growing more and more intolerable the whole time, while Mr. Grumble improved the occasion by making a sort of mental looking-glass of that worthy old gentleman.

"Upon—my—word," said he to himself, "I must have been a perfect nuisance all these years. Why didn't somebody tell me of it?"

At length Uncle Tompkins went away, flannel robes, medicine bottles, and all, and on the evening of the same day Tom Carlton arrived, from a temporary absence, nobody knew where.

"So uncle has been visiting you?" he said gaily, to Mr. Grumble.

"Yes," said the latter, with a slight grimace. "What sort of a looking man is he?"

Mr. Grumble was silent for a moment.

"Do you know," he exclaimed, bursting into a perplexed laugh, "I couldn't describe a single feature of his face. He was always enveloped like an Egyptian mummy, in a silk handkerchief, something like that one you have in your hand. However, I'm heartily glad he's gone; with my permission he shall never set foot in this house again!"

"No?" said Tom archly.

"The most intolerable fault-finder I ever met with," said Mr. Grumble; "absolutely the most disagreeable man who ever cumbered the earth! I don't see how it is possible to growl at everything as he did."

"That's not an uncommon failing, I believe," observed Tom, demurely.

"Very likely," said his brother-in-law emphatically; "but his visit has been productive of at least one good effect—it has completely cured me of any tendency I might have had that way. I, for one, mean to leave off grumbling."

"I'm happy to hear it, Nephew Grumble," exclaimed a cracked voice.

The victimized man started up in dismay, scarcely believing the testimony of his senses, as Tom twisted the silk handkerchief skillfully round his head and bent himself nearly double, with an asthmatic sound between a groan and a grunt.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you are Uncle Tompkins?" exclaimed Mr. Grumble.

"Pardon me, Henry," said Tom smiling, "but I saw that the curtain fell at the old Queen's Theater on a pronounced failure, called A White Lie. There was no shadow of a call. The curtain divided the audience from the author, who stood on the stage shaking his fist at the invisible foe, still smiling, genial, and in melodious accents, saying: 'Infamously! when shall I teach you to respect Charles Reade!'"

And so Bessie found it.—Miss S. Hanney in Tit-Bits.

Put Yourself in His Place.

A friend once called on Charles Reade, and found him sitting at his desk placidly smiling, while, with great precision and deliberation, he described his thoughts on a sheet of foolscap in a large school-boy text. He might have been writing a love letter, he seemed so happy. He was in reality scribbling a criticaster in language that made his friend's hair stand on end.

Charles Mathews was fond of telling a story of Charles Reade when he fell at the old Queen's Theater on a pronounced failure, called A White Lie. There was no shadow of a call. The curtain divided the audience from the author, who stood on the stage shaking his fist at the invisible foe, still smiling, genial, and in melodious accents, saying: "Infamously! when shall I teach you to respect Charles Reade!"

And so Bessie found it.—Miss S. Hanney in Tit-Bits.

Didn't Need a Pair.

She was richly and rather strikingly dressed and wore diamonds without number. She looked over the assortment of shoes that the salesman took down for her, and finally picked out a dainty little patent leather affair and said:

"This is very pretty."

"A beautiful shoe!" exclaimed the salesman, "but it's—ah—it's a trifle small."

"Oh, I'm not going to wear it," she explained. "But I rather like it. Would you sell me one?"

"One shoe?"

"Yes, I need only one and it seems like a waste to buy a pair."

"Well, we don't usually do business that way, but—is it for a one-legged girl?"

"Sir! How dare you?"

"I beg your pardon. No intention to offend, I assure you, but one shoe—"

"Well, what of it? Papa says we must throw an old shoe after 'em when they get married, and I say an old shoe was all right when he was—a—when he was poor. But now it's different. We don't have to throw old shoes, and it wouldn't look right. I told him if he was going to throw shoes I'd see that it was done right and proper, so the papers would say the next day that the Magillcuddys by their usual lavishness threw a beautiful patent leather shoe of the latest fashion after the happy couple. That's the kind of people we are. Everything's got to be right up in style."

She had rattled it off rapidly and had to pause for breath. Then she added:

"If you want to be small about it I'll buy the pair. I'll buy a whole box of them if I get my dander up. I'll buy a pair anyway, only maybe the other'll be out of style before we get a chance to use it."—Elliott Flower in Judge.

An Iconoclast.

Here is Thackeray's version of his first meeting with Charlotte Bronte. The tiny, intense creature had idealized Thackeray, personally unknown to her, with a passion of idealization. "Behold a lion cometh out of the north!" she quoted under her breath as Thackeray entered the drawing-room. Someone repeated it to him.

"O Lord!" said Thackeray, "and I am nothing but a poor devil of an Englishman, ravenous for my dinner!" A dinner Miss Bronte was placidly opposite Thackeray by her own request. "And I had," said he, "the miserable humiliation of seeing her ideal of me disappearing down my own throat, as everything went into my mouth and nothing came out of it; until at last, as I took my fifth potato, she leaned across, with clasped hands and tears in her eyes, and breathed imploringly: 'Oh, Mr. Thackeray! Don't!'"

Troublesome Interruptions.

The late Lord Strathairn owed his peerage to the great services which, as Sir Hugh Rose, he rendered to the crown at a critical time in the history of India. During a crisis in the Sepoy mutiny he was one day entertaining a company at dinner, and was in the midst of one of his best stories when his orderly entered



Mr. Weatherwax: "By jove! but these Melissa Coats are the proper thing. You would scarcely believe I had been out all day in this blooming storm; and here I am, quite dry and jolly comfortable, don't you know?"

Miss Drencher: "Oh, yes; I have worn my Melissa for more than a year, in all kinds of weather; and the beauty of it is, there is none of that clammy, air-tight feeling about it, nor that horrid smell one gets from other waterproofs."

Mr. W.: "There seem to be several poor imitations of this Melissa Cloth on the market, so one has to be careful, you know, and always look for the Melissa Trade Mark on every garment or piece of cloth."

(J. W. Mackenzie & Co., Wholesale Agents for the Dominion.)

and after saluting him, reported: "We have captured two hundred rebels, sir." The general calmly turned, and with his wonted elegant courtesy serenely replied: "Thank you, sergeant." After a silence the soldier again spoke: "But what are we to do with them, sir?" "Hang them, of course," calmly replied his superior, resuming his story. A short time afterward, Sir Hugh was again interrupted by the sergeant, and said: "Please, sir, we have hung the lot, sir." The general turned, bowed silently and in the sweetest manner liped: "Thanks, sergeant, very many thanks," and then went on with his anecdote.

Quarantine Odor.

Mrs. Snooper—Isn't that a very peculiar perfume that Mrs. Hamburger has commenced to use lately?

Mrs. Skidmore—It's carbolic acid. She wants to make people believe she's been to Europe.

Fortune's Favorite.

Jim Hickey—So you consider Will Lotso a lucky man?

Jack Lever—Luck is no name for it! Why, that fellow could actually go down town to the library and find that the book he wanted was in!

They Hadn't Discovered It Yet.

It was in New Orleans at the time of the recent "big lights."

The night the colored pugilist vanquished the white man a party of well known sporting men from the Metropolis and the Hub were sounding the black champion's praises in the office of the Hotel, when the proprietor, himself perhaps the best known sporting character in the South, exclaimed: "Great heavens, gentlemen, don't talk so loud! If the niggers hear you talking like that they'll think they've got a right to vote!"

Doc Had Him There.

In her anecdotes, Mrs. Thraie tells a good story of Johnson's irrational antipathy to the inhabitants of North Britain. On the doctor's return from the Hebrides, he was asked by a Scotch gentleman, in London, "what he thought of his country?"

"That it is a very vile country, to be sure, sir," returned for answer Dr. Johnson.

"Well, sir," replied the other, somewhat mortified, "God made it."

"Certainly he did," answered Johnson again; "but we must always remember that he made it for Scotchmen, and—comparisons, sir, are odious—but God made hell!"

Useless.

Mike—Pat, let's take a look at the moon through that telescope—it's only four inches.

Pat—To the devil with the telescope! Sure, I can see the moon without lookin'—Judge.

A Refuge.

Mr. Hindlegs (circus manager)—What in thunder are you doing in the lions' cage out of hours?

Senor Mahoni (lion tamer)—It's all right, boss. I'm expecting my wife, any minute.

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Stomach Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after meals, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

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Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the base of so many ills that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

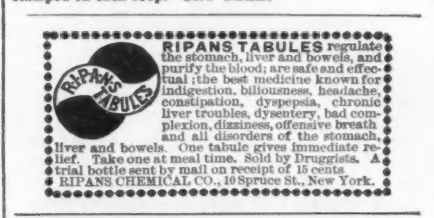
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The Touch of a Vanished Hand

Written for Saturday Night by Rev. J. Smiley.

The following curious old manuscript I have just unearthed from a pile of rubbish which I was sorting over preparatory to committing it to the flames. It contains a story so curious, so out of the ordinary run of newspaper stories and of such breathless interest withal that I think it were a pity it should be destroyed. This is my excuse for submitting it to the general reader on its merits.

The manuscript came into my hands in this way. I have always had what some would term a mania for collecting old books. The announcement of a book auction would be sufficient at any time to draw any but the most pressing engagement for that evening. In my earlier years I bought without method or system, anything, everything so long as it was cheap. It may be easily surmised that I bought a lot of rubbish which, after a cursory glance over, I would consign to the limbo of a chest which I kept stored away in the garret, contents of which I considered neither useful enough to be worth referring to again nor ornamental enough to adorn my book-shelves.

Bundles of these old books and manuscripts that one might perforce buy without previous examination had a special attraction for me. That I bought not wisely, but lavishly, several chests now stored away in the garret could attest, any one of which I would be willing to sell by the hundredweight. But while I got much that was worthless, I would occasionally strike a prize.

It was away back in the sixties that I bought a bundle of old MSS. in this way, which on examination proved to be sermons, dated at a place called Twickenham and written during the years 1845 and '47. They were neatly written, but the spelling was old-fashioned and the grammar not always according to Lindley Murray, but they were signed with an utterly illegible flourish such as was affected by the literati of those days. I gave a cursory examination to a few of these sermons, but what was not high Calvinism in them was immersionism, and as I did not incline to make a hobby of either of these I tumbled the whole pile without further examination into that particular chest which was then in process of being filled up. There they have lain till a few days ago, when in searching for something else I was attracted by the appearance of one of the sermons, as I took them all to be. It was tied around with a faded blue ribbon, on the knot of which was entwined a seal bearing the impress in wax of the initials R. V. in old English letters. I again examined the signature and with the help of the initials tried to read it, but whether it was Vardon, or Verdon, or Watson, or Wilson, or Vampire, or something else must remain mere guess work I suppose till the end of the chapter. The first sentence, however, caught my attention, which never flagged until the last syllable had been deciphered, and even yet it possesses an almost weird fascination for me. The only liberty I have taken with it is to correct the spelling and eliminate a few expressions which could appear coarse to the refined eyes of our more modern readers. Without title or preamble the MS. commenced:

"I am a preacher of the gospel and believe I am becoming insane. I have always had an interest in psychological studies and now propose to make one of my objects being to keep a record of those mental processes by which the reason is gradually but surely dethroned. I feel it coming with the stealthy but certain encroachment of fate. I have no means at present of determining whether it is to be violent madness or simple imbecility. It may be neither, and that is what I dread almost more than either of the above, namely, that species of lunacy which is quite obvious at intervals to one's own family but in which the subject has cunning enough left to conceal it from the outside world. I can already see in imagination my wife and children contemplating me with sidelong glances in which pity is more than half concealed by a look of horror which they promptly try to conceal by turning their faces away as my eyes seek theirs. I know they would consider no calamity short of capital crime equal to the disgrace of having an insane father, and when the thing comes upon me they will make every effort possible to conceal it from the world.

"But I want the world to get the benefit of my present investigation of my own case. With that object I make this record. But how shall I preserve it when completed? If I put it under lock and key they will surely find it and destroy it, as they will have no record of an insane father go down through the ages. I thought this question over before I commenced to write and made my resolve. I will write it on my sermon paper and file it away among my old sermons. It will be as safe there from molestation as if it were buried in the family Bible. This of itself is a species of insane cunning which makes me smile. I believe I almost take a degree of satisfaction in this proof that the work of undermining my reason is well under way. Still I have sense enough to believe a record of my symptoms may be of benefit to my fellowmen by serving as beacon lights to warn them of the indications which lead up to the final catastrophe.

"The first symptom in my case is insomnia. Nor ordinary insomnia, such as have been troubled with at intervals for many years. That simply means sleeplessness. You lie awake in bed, tossing around the whole night long and trying to go to sleep. Perhaps for two or three nights in succession you will not sleep a wink, and then you go off to a sixteen or twenty hour slumber from which the last trumpet could hardly awaken you. Mine is not like that at all. I have had it now for more than three weeks, and for more than one week the conviction has been strengthening that it is to be permanent. This is what is driving me insane. The conviction of its permanence is more maddening than the insomnia itself. If I could get rid of this conviction I feel that I might be cured. If there was any wavering in the conviction, if it was weaker some days than others I might hope to get rid of it, but when every succeeding day only strengthens it and fixes it more firmly in my mind I know that no human intellect can stand the strain much longer. When the final catastrophe comes, who shall say what has caused it? Was it the insomnia or the conviction of its permanence? Herein may be a valuable question for experts in insanity to consider. I believe if I could be this day convinced that my malady is not permanent I should this night sleep like an infant, and in the morning I should be cured.

"So far as I know all insane patients have a dominant hallucination. That is, what some people call it, but to the insane man it is as real as anything that enters into his experience. I have no hallucination, unless this conviction that I shall never enjoy a natural, healthful sleep again be one. I would to God someone could convince me that it is a mere delusion.

"But I have not described my malady. Just as soon as my head touches the pillow a nasty little headache comes and settles down in the middle of my forehead and commences rummaging around within a limited area. It does not feel it at all during the day. It has come so regularly and so often now at night, however, that I look upon it as a person and not a thing. When I feel its touch so promptly every night I just smile to myself and say, 'I told you so.' That simply means that while preparing for bed a passing wonder will sometimes fit into my mind whether it will be here again on time, but I always say, 'Yes, it is sure to come. Hence when it does come, 'I told you so' is the Job's comfort I take in the event. The reason I have personified this headache is, I sometimes fancy it talks to me. It sees things and keeps telling me what it sees and hears, and it is this incessant chatter all night long that keeps me awake. For the first three or four nights I thought perhaps this headache was owing to some irregularity of diet and that a pill or a bath or a walk

before bedtime would drive it away. But I have tried all these and a dozen other things without avail. The headache without doubt is the cause of the insomnia, but what is the cause of the headache? That mystery I cannot fathom. So far as I know of wakefulness, perfect physical health, my appetite is good, my pulse and temperature normal. I have no cause for special worry, no exacting or fatiguing brain work. My surroundings are healthful. I take plenty of exercise. Then why should I have this headache at night? Why not also during the day? Someone wiser than I must grapple with these questions.

"In fact, it is hardly a headache at all, the ache is so faint. It is merely a feeling of uneasiness in that particular spot, just sufficient to concentrate the consciousness upon it. But I would rather have a jumping headache that would make me scream and the pain of which would exhaust my physical energies, for I know in that case nature would in mercy send oblivion sooner or later in a healthy, dreamless sleep. But this little ache, with its smirk as it settles down to work and commences an all-night chatter is exasperating in the extreme when I know what it forebodes. And just here comes the right place to describe what it does forebode. First of all, a half hour of intense effort in the exercise of will power to ignore it, refuse to listen to its chatter, and go to sleep. Then a sense of being worsted, a knowledge that it is of no use and an abandonment of myself to the inevitable. My sight and hearing are preternaturally acute; I can hear every tick of my watch and every purr of the cat downstairs as distinctly as if close to my ear. A distinct image forms itself before my eye of every object suggested to the mind. My little headache tells me what people are saying in their bedchambers. I hear the snoring of Daddy Storms a block away and this aggravates my own consciousness of wakefulness. Sooner or later, every night comes a sense of dual personality. I lie on the bed facing the window with my eyes open. I see Mars setting in the west while Arcturus is about an hour high. I see my other self at a wayside inn. My wife and children sit with me before a blazing hearth. We are waiting for the stage coach. It strikes me as utterly absurd that I can be in both places, but both are equally real to me. The bugle sounds and the coach drives past to the stable where the horses are to be changed. My wife gathers the children around her and hurries out to secure good places in the coach, while I remain to gather up their belongings. There are scarfs, and shawls, and mittens, and a lunch basket, and a carpet-bag. I try to gather all up and get off, as I have a desperate dread of being left behind, but as I pick one thing after another on my arms, something else drops off. I will be left sure. I make a scoop with both arms and try to enclose everything and rush out. The bugle has already sounded, the coach has started, and in spite of my shouting and effort I am left sure enough. I perceive streams from every pore. I instinctively raise my hand to my forehead as I lie in bed, and sure enough I have wiped a handful of perspiration from my own brow, which I saw just a moment ago on the brow of my other self.

"Do you say it was a nightmare? So would I if I did not know better. How could it be a dream when all through its duration I was lying there reasoning with myself? You must be dreaming, I would say. But I can't be dreaming; there is the window and there the looking glass on the wall, and all the familiar objects in the bed-room faintly outlined by the starlight. You can pinch yourself; you know right well you are wide awake, and yet there you are, your other self, just left by the coach. But where? My other self had disappeared.

"This is a mere specimen. There is not a night of my recent life that I have not been conscious of this double consciousness. And the one is just as real to me as the other. Nearly always when I see my other self he is in some sort of predicament in which great danger is imminent, or some disturbing influence already upon him, and I suffer, the 'I' upon the bed suffers all the other 'I' would suffer if the visions in which he is concerned were actual realities. Even as I lie contemplating my two egos, I often find myself wondering whether there is not a third ego, viz.: That which keeps wondering how long this thing can last without unbalancing my mind.

"The thought of this double or treble consciousness is never absent for a moment during the day. I am mostly willing to admit to myself that he has no other than a visionary existence, but frequently I find myself scrutinizing narrowly the countenances and conduct of people whom I come in contact with. 'What is my object?' I ask myself, and the answer comes truthfully to me from some source. 'To discover your other self.' 'How do you expect to recognize him?' 'By certain symptoms of insanity.' And this narrow scrutiny of others has this result, that while I have not met a trace of my *alter ego*, I have discovered unmistakable signs of aberration of mind in my neighbors and friends. At first I could only find one or two in a day with such symptoms, but the number has increased so rapidly that I am persuaded fully fifty per cent. of the people I meet now in a day are promising candidates for an insane asylum. But here I run up against a dead wall, and my impact with it gives me the shivers. It is this thought: Do not all insane people believe themselves sane and everybody else insane? I am afraid it is so. Just as the drunken man fancies others are reeling, even the trees and hedges reel in his mind, whereas he himself is

the only unstable element among them. So it must be with me; yet, even as I shiver at the thought, I am conscious of a measure of satisfaction in contemplating every additional evidence of my mental unsoundness. My reputation seems to be at stake in this matter. I would almost be better pleased to have my suspicion confirmed that I am losing my reason than to have somebody prove to me that I am capable of writing all this without having the slightest foundation, in fact, for it.

"Then there is this which bothers me: I can never hold any impression very long at a time except the one I have mentioned that I am never to sleep again. Even as I write and try to persuade myself that I am surely losing my mental equipoise, my other self is at my elbow persuading me how absurd such a notion is. Just now he argues this way: 'You have said that insane people consider themselves sane; consider yourself insane or approaching it, therefore, according to your own argument you cannot be insane.' Then I will say: 'But how can I have these notions which no sane man could cherish?' And then the reply is: 'The very fact that you admit they are mere notions is a proof of your sanity.' But, say I, 'how can you account for the rapid increase in the supposed insanity of the people I meet?' There is no reply to this and I take it as unanswerable. Then I make this calculation: If in nine days the number of insane people I meet has increased from one or two in a day to fifty per cent. of all I meet now, it will only take nine more days to increase this ratio to a hundred per cent., and then I shall be clean daff myself. This is how the matter appears to me, and my record of the development of my symptoms during the next nine days ought to be of interesting reading, but I hope and pray it may be helpful to someone into whose hands it may fall. At the present sitting I will only record one other fact, which is a striking and all but conclusive proof that my malady is approaching a climax.

"I have spoken of my *alter ego* being clearly visible and very real to me during the night. So far I have not seen him at all during the day till yesterday. I was sitting in my arm chair by the fire, brooding. I suppose I must have been brooding, although I have no remembrance of what was passing through my mind. But on raising my eyes and looking towards my writing table I saw my other self sitting there absorbed in the task of writing a sermon. I watched him with curious interest for some moments, looking from one to the other to make very sure that there were two of us. I had never seen him so close before. He was my exact counterpart. I was afraid to speak, almost to move, lest I should dispel the illusion. I was able to follow the words as he wrote them. I was able to divine the thoughts which gave them birth. My whole soul was absorbed in the subject which was absorbing him. I did not move a muscle except to breathe, and that very quietly, till the last syllable was recorded and the signature appended. I then stealthily approached the chair from behind. I was anxious to prove by contact whether he was an illusion or a substantial reality. I seized his arm. Just as I expected, my fingers passed through it and closed on themselves. There was no arm tangible, there was no *alter ego* visible, but there was the sermon he had written in my own handwriting and my own signature thereto duly appended. The shock was terrific. Perspiration was trickling from every pore in my body. Some living thing was struggling to retain its place in my head which the perspiration was forcing out. Surely, thought I, this is the catastrophe that I have dreaded yet half hoped for. I put up my hand to my brow; and the perspiration was ice cold to my touch. I sank into the chair and must have lost consciousness for a time.

"When I woke up the fire on the hearth had burned down. Darkness overspread the landscape without. A feeling of drowsiness as imperative as death itself urged me to my couch. I lay down and remember nothing more till the sun shone in the heavens this morning. I felt like a new man on awakening. My first sensation was that of having enjoyed an invigorating, healthful, dreamless sleep. My first action was to get down on my knees and thank God for His mercy. Even as I prayed and gave thanks a voice seemed to whisper to me, 'The spell is broken; you are saved.' I went around the house with a clear head and a light and thankful heart, till in process of time my eyes fell upon the sermon, which in the meantime I had forgotten, and all the old tumult of conflicting emotions returned with increased intensity. When the seething, swirling tumult had partially spent itself my resolve was taken. I would make a record of my experience up to date while I yet have the power. If the spell be indeed broken there will be no need to add more to this than the simple record that I am cured. If I sleep to night like an infant I will consider my cure effected, but if I see my *alter ego* again or have to listen to the chatter of my headache companion I will not be able tomorrow to write anything coherently.

Here the MS. ends abruptly. True, there is an appearance of a few lines having been added, but in a different ink or some material that has been so completely faded as only to leave a suspicion that they were ever written. It is curious how the touch of this vanished hand has taken hold of me. What perplexing questions it suggests. How it more than half reveals how little we know even about ourselves. How thankful it has made me for a sound mind in a healthy body. How inestimable a blessing refreshing sleep is and what an ingrate I am to allow the good Lord to load me down daily with so many benefits and yet do so little for Him in return in token of my gratitude. Hoping that similar desires and resolves may be engendered in the breast of all

A Sure Winner.



Deacon Hopcraft—I call.
Brother Woodcraft—You got four aces. 'Tain't no good.
Deacon Hopcraft—(scooping in the chips) What you got?
Brother Woodcraft—Why, what you got?
Deacon Hopcraft—Nero!
Brother Woodcraft—What's dat.
Deacon Hopcraft—You ain't 'lowed to tell.—Puck.

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who read, I submit this curious record to the light of day.

Rather Superficial.

Bloobumper.—After all, beauty is only skin deep. Spats.—In many cases it is not so deep as that. It is often laid on the skin's surface.

Mr. Hobb's Aspiration.

"I don't care nothin' about bein' made a lord," said Mr. Hobbs; "but if the gov'ment was a mind to make my wife a lady I wouldn't put nothin' in their way."

How Remarkable.

Riggs—There was one thing I could buy as cheaply at Surfville-by-the-sea as I could at home. Riggs—What in the world was it? Riggs—Postage stamps.

A Wifely Rebuke.

"I think I'll have an oil portrait made," said Mr. Derrick, who had become suddenly rich in petroleum. "There you go talking shop again!" exclaimed his wife, who was taking lessons in culture.

A Paradox.

Mr. New—On the stage they always have such dolt, wooden actors to represent dukes and kings. Mr. Know—Yes; that's so as to have them true to life.

Their Way.

Mr. Bragg A. Docto (of Chicago)—Yes, sir; when we people attempt to do anything we roll up our sleeves and pitch in. Mr. Fulton (of New York)—Yes, I have noticed it; I took dinner in your town once.

Change in Time for New York via Erie Railway.

You can leave Union Station, Toronto, at 12:50 p.m., arrive in Buffalo at 5:55 p.m. and leave Buffalo at 7:30 p.m., arriving in New York at 7:30 next morning, which makes this train two hours faster than ever before. You can also leave Toronto at 11 p.m., connecting with the Erie flyer at Hamilton, which is a solid vestibule train through to New York.

Quite a Question.

Brown.—If you go over there where the ice is thin you'll get drowned. Little Johnnie.—If that's so, pa, how was it the man who put up the danger-sign didn't fall in?

Excursion to City of Mexico.

On Nov. 19 to 26 inclusive, the Wabash Railway will sell tickets to the City of Mexico at lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets good going via Detroit and St. Louis and returning via Chicago, or vice versa, valid up to Dec. 31. This will be the grandest opportunity ever given to see this ancient land of the Aztecs. Words fail in describing the majestic and beautiful scenery on this trip, admitted to be without equal on the American continent and not surpassed in the world. Fall particulars at the Wabash new office, northeast corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Pressed For Time.

"Isn't Slowboy always behind in his work?" "I haven't found him so. Why do you ask?" "Well, it's taken him five years, eleven months and a half to sign a check for fifty dollars borrowed money."

It May be Interesting to Know

That when excursion rates are made to Chicago for people who live in the East, to enable them to attend the World's Fair next year, it is contemplated by the Western roads to also make excursion rates from Chicago to all principal business and tourist points in the West, Northwest and Southwest, so that those who desire to spend a few weeks among their friends in the Great West, may have an opportunity of so doing without incurring much additional expense. It may be well to consider this subject in advance of actual time of starting, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has issued maps and time tables and other instructive reading matter, which it will be glad to furnish free of expense upon application by postal card addressed to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., or to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

Cardinal Gibbons at Chicago.

Among those who took part in the Columbus celebration at Chicago was His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in whose prayer occur these eloquent words: "Nineteen hundred years ago men assembled in Jerusalem from various portions of the Old World to hear from the lips of the apostles 'the wonderful works of God,' so shall we soon behold men assembled here from Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, from the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific, as well as from all parts of the American continent, to contemplate the wonderful works of man—of man created to thine image and likeness; of man endowed with divine intelligence; of man, the productions of whose genius manifest thy wisdom and creative power not less clearly than 'the heavens which declare thy glory, and the firmament which sheweth forth the works of thy hands.' And as every contemplative being and student of nature finds tongues in

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Mr. Grumble's Cure.

"The old story—the coffee cou, the fire nearly out, and the room full of stifling smoke!"

Mr. Grumble drew his chair up to the breakfast table as he spoke, with the face of a martyr.

"The coffee is only just made, dear," said Mrs. Grumble, a pretty, timid-looking woman, with soft blue eyes and brown braids; "and I don't really think the room is very cold. As for the smoke, I am sorry, but the man promised me to have the chimney seen to yesterday."

"Of course he did—nobody ever keeps promises to us," groaned Mr. Grumble. "If it had been Smith, now, the chimney would have been seen to long ago. Do give me a piece of steak that is at least warmed through; we're not cannibals, that I know of, to eat our meat raw. But that's always the way—we never had a cook that understood how to broil a steak."

"But, my dear—," said Mrs. Grumble.

"Don't tell me," interrupted Mr. Grumble. "I know just how things ought to be done. The paper hasn't come yet, I suppose? No, of course not. I really wish somebody would enlighten me as to why my paper is always half an hour later than anybody else's. If that baby doesn't leave off crying, I shall certainly go crazy."

"Its teeth trouble it," sighed Mrs. Grumble, leaving the breakfast-table to walk up and down the room with her fretful little charge.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mr. Grumble sharply, charging at a slice of toast with his fork; "you coddle it too much, that's all."

Mrs. Grumble thought of the general commotion into which the house had been thrown about a month previously, when Mr. Grumble had had the toothache, and she only nestled the baby's velvet head against her shoulder, and said nothing—woman's way of disposing of a great many little martyrdoms.

"Now, then, where's my hat?" demanded Mr. Grumble, rising and looking round. "Very singular that that hat is never in its place!"

"It is just where you hung it yourself, papa, in the hall," said little Harry, from behind his spelling-book.

"Children shouldn't talk so much," said Mr. Grumble tartly. "My dear, that rent in the lining of my overcoat isn't mended yet—why did you not see to it?"

"I intended to do so," said his wife apologetically, "but you know we had company last night, and the baby slept so badly that I rose rather later than usual this morning; but—"

"Always some excuse," interrupted her liege lord. "I really don't understand the reason that nothing is ever done in this house."

He gave the front door rather an emphatic slam as he went out, and little Mrs. Grumble, instead of rebelling against her husband's iron rule, just sat down and cried.

Mr. Grumble wasn't by any means a bad husband. He really loved his wife, and believed himself to be a pattern of conjugal amiability; only he had, somehow or other, fallen into the unconscious habit of fault-finding, and like many another individual, whenever he couldn't think of anything else to do, he grumbled.

"Crying again, Bessie?" exclaimed her brother, coming in an hour or two later. "Now, that's too bad! I suppose Henry has been treating you to another domestic row? I've a great mind to tell him how uncomfortable you are made by his little eccentricities. Shall I, Bessie?"

"No, no—I wouldn't have you breathe a syllable to him for the world!" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Grumble, hurriedly drying her tears.

"Henry doesn't mean to annoy me. He has the kindest heart in the world, and I know he loves me!"

"I dare say he does," said young Mr. Carlton, "but why is he fretting and fault-finding after hour after hour, and day after day? Upon my word, Bessie, I think it's an oversight in our law that there is not one to punish married men who scold!"

"Don't talk so, Tom," said Mrs. Grumble earnestly. "Henry isn't at all to blame, only baby is very troublesome, and I had an indifferent night's rest, and—"

"Oh, ah—I understand," said Tom significantly, smiling. "My dear little, forgiving Bessie, you ought to be made a martyr of." He sat a moment or two in deep thought, then suddenly starting up, exclaimed: "I must be gone, or I shall be too late at the station to meet Uncle Tompkins. Did I mention to you, by the way, that Uncle Tompkins was coming to visit you?"

"Uncle Tompkins? I didn't know we had an Uncle Tompkins, Tom."

"Didn't you, dear? Well, please to prepare your best bed-room for company—the old gentleman is rather particular—grumbles a good deal, in fact; but then you are used to that sort of thing."

"But, Tom, I don't quite understand—"

"Don't detain me now, Bessie. I will come myself, with the old gentleman, and introduce him. Good-bye!"

The moment the door had closed behind Tom, Bessie put her baby into the cradle and clasped her hands to her aching head. What was Tom thinking of? How should she exist with another growler domiciled for nobody knew how long at the hearthstone? But perhaps they might neutralize one another, like two powerful poisons. There was a spice of comfort in that reflection, at least; and Bessie Grumble wiped her eyes, and almost smiled.

What was Mr. Grumble's surprise on coming home that evening, fully primed for a domestic tirade on the subject of a button which had drifted down from his shirt front during the day, to find his special easy-chair and corner of the fire occupied by an asthmatic old man, whose head and face were enveloped in a silk handkerchief! He stopped short in amazement and horror.

"This is Uncle Tompkins, Henry," said Mrs. Grumble, who was busy warming a basin of gruel over the fire; and the old gentleman extended one finger without turning his head, saying, in a cracked voice:

"I wish, nephew, you would shut that door. Nobody ever thinks of shutting a door in this house! I'm suffering from a terrible cold. What's that noise upstairs? I beg, niece, that your baby won't cry the whole time that I am here. Is tea ready? If so, I will take a cup here by the fire!"

"What does this mean, my dear?" ejaculated Mr. Grumble in a hurried whisper, and his wife, whose arm he had caught on the way to the kitchen after hot water for Uncle Tompkins, replied in the same tone:

"Oh! you mustn't mind my uncle, dear; he doesn't mean anything, only he is old and whimsical."

"But a man has no business to make everybody else uncomfortable in this sort of way," muttered Mr. Grumble.

He silently devoured his meal, secretly wondering how long Uncle Tompkins meant to stay. No sooner was the table cleared than the irascible old gentleman began again.

"Grumble," said he, "I wish you'd stop that creaking of your chair, my nerves are so weak; and if you could keep your children upstairs their racket wouldn't disturb me quite so much. I really don't know how I'm going to stand that baby's noise."

"I do not think it is a very noisy baby," said Mr. Grumble meekly. "Its teeth are very painful just at present."

Mrs. Grumble, who was poking the fire in accordance with her uncle's petulant request, said nothing but smiled quietly to hear her husband trying to extenuate the baby's sins.

"Well," remarked Uncle Tompkins, "all babies are noisy. And, by the way, Grumble, I wish you would oil the hinges of that squeaking door, and I don't like the smell of that geranium in the window. Hallo! you haven't any top button on your shirt front! I hope my niece isn't a careless wife!"

"Not at all, sir," said Mr. Grumble nervously; "but the care of her child and house-keeping duties absorb a great deal of her time."

The instant she finds leisure she will look to my clothes."

"I don't see how a woman can spend her whole time keeping house and looking after a pack of children," observed Uncle Tompkins incredulously.

About ten o'clock the old gentleman was ushered to the spare room, accompanied by a procession of medicine phials, a tub of hot water, woolen dressing robes, and heated blankets for his feet, and his absence occasioned very general relief.

"What an insufferable old duffer that is!" exclaimed Mr. Grumble, throwing himself, with a sigh of satisfaction, into his favorite seat once more. "My dear Bessie, how could you endure his eternal fault-finding?"

"I am accustomed to that, Henry; it is the lesson most married women are obliged to learn," replied Mrs. Grumble, with a slight sigh.

Her husband picked up his ears a little uneasily. "Accustomed to it?" What did she mean? It was not possible—it could not be possible—that he was like that odious old Uncle Tompkins. And yet he wished Bessie had not spoken in that way, somehow it made him feel excessively uncomfortable. Three days passed away, Uncle Tompkins growing more and more intolerable the whole time while Mr. Grumble improved the occasion by making a sort of mental looking-glass of that worthy old gentleman.

"Upon—my word," said he to himself, "I must have been a perfect nuisance all these years. Why didn't somebody tell me of it?"

At length Uncle Tompkins went away, flannel robes, medicine bottles, and all, and on the evening of the same day Tom Carlton arrived, from a temporary absence, nobody knew where.

"So uncle has been visiting you?" he said gaily, to Mr. Grumble.

"Yes," said the latter, with a slight grimace. "What sort of a looking man is he?"

Mr. Grumble was silent for a moment.

"Do you know," he exclaimed, bursting into a perplexed laugh, "I couldn't describe a single feature of his face. He was always enveloped like an Egyptian mummy, in a silk handkerchief, something like that one you have in your hand. However, I'm heartily glad he's gone; with my permission he shall never set foot in this house again!"

"No?" said Tom archly.

"The most intolerable fault-finder I ever met with," said Mr. Grumble; "absolutely the most disagreeable man who ever cursed the earth! I don't see how it is possible to growl at everything as he did."

"That's not an uncommon failing, I believe," observed Tom, demurely smiling.

"Very likely," said his brother-in-law emphatically; "but his visit has been productive of at least one good effect—it has completely cured me of any tendency I might have had that way. I, for one, mean to leave off grumbling."

"I'm happy to hear it, Nephew Grumble," exclaimed a cracked voice, as Mr. Grumble, scarcely believing the testimony of his senses, as Tom twisted the silk handkerchief skillfully round his head and bent himself nearly double, with an asthmatic sound between a groan and a grunt.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you are Uncle Tompkins?" exclaimed Mr. Grumble.

"Pardon me, Henry," said Tom smiling, "but I saw that you had unconsciously become an habitual grumbler, and I judged that the best antidote was a faithful representation of your own failings. Was I right?"

His brother-in-law was half inclined to be angry, but thought better of it.

"Shake hands, Tom," said he. "You're an irreverent young scamp, but I forgive you. At all events, the cure is complete."

And so Bessie found it.—Miss S. Hanney in Tit-Bits.

Put Yourself in His Place.

A friend once called on Charles Reade, and found him sitting at his desk placidly smiling, while, with great precision and deliberation, he inscribed his thoughts on a sheet of foolscap in a large school-boy text. He might have been writing a love letter, he said.

He was in reality scribbling a criticaster in language that made his friend's hair stand on end. Charles Reade was fond of telling a story of Charles Mathews when the curtain fell at the old Queen's Theatre on a pronounced failure, called A White Lie. There was no shadow of a call. The curtain divided the audience from the author, who stood on the stage shaking his fist at the invisible foe, still smiling blandly, and in mellifluous accents, saying: "Infernal idiots! when shall I teach you to respect Charles Reade?"

Didn't Need a Pair.

She was richly and rather strikingly dressed and wore diamonds without number. She looked over the assortment of shoes that the salesman took down for her, and finally picked out a dainty little patent leather affair and said:

"This is very pretty."

"A beautiful shoe!" exclaimed the salesman, "but it's—ah—it's a trifle small."

"Oh, I'm not going to wear it," she explained. "But I rather like it. Would you sell me one?"

"One shoe?"

"Yes, I need only one and it seems like a waste to buy a pair."

"Well, we don't usually do business that way, but—is it for a one-legged girl?"

"Sir! How dare you?"

"I beg your pardon. No intention to offend, I assure you, but one shoe—"

"Well, what of it? Papa says we must throw an old shoe after 'em when they get married, and I say an old shoe was all right when he was—a—when he was poor. But now it's different. We don't have to throw old shoes, and it wouldn't look right. I told him if he was going to throw shoes I'd see that it was done right and proper, so the papers would say the next day that the Magillcuddys with their usual lavishness threw a beautiful patent leather shoe of the latest fashion after the happy couple. That's the kind of people we are. Everything's got to be right up in style."

She had rattled it off rapidly and had to pause for breath. Then she added:

"If you want to be small about it I'll buy the pair. I'll buy a whole box of them if I get my dander up. I'll buy a pair anyway, only maybe the other'll be out of style before we get a chance to use it."—Elliott Flower in Judge.

An Iconoclast.

Here is Thackeray's version of his first meeting with Charlotte Bronte. The tiny, intense creature had idealized Thackeray, personally unknown to her, with a passion of idealization. "Behold a lion cometh out of the north!" she quoted under her breath, as Thackeray entered the drawing-room. Someone repeated it to him.

"O Lord!" said Thackeray, "and I am nothing but a poor devil of an Englishman, ravenous for my dinner!" At dinner Miss Bronte was placed opposite Thackeray by her own request.

"And I had," said he, "the miserable humiliation of seeing her ideal of me disappearing down my own throat, as everything went into my mouth and nothing came out of it; until at last, as I took my fifth potato, she leaned across, with clasped hands and tears in her eyes, and bristled imploringly: 'Oh, Mr. Thackeray! Don't!'"

Troublesome Interruptions.

The late Lord Strathnairn owed his peerage to the great services which, as Sir Hugh Rose, he rendered to the crown at a critical time in the history of India. During a crisis in the Sepoy mutiny he was one day entertaining a company at dinner, and was in the midst of one of his best stories when his orderly entered



Mr. Weatherwax: "By jove! but these Melissa Coats are the proper thing. You would scarcely believe I had been out all day in this blooming storm; and here I am, quite dry and jolly comfortable, don't you know?"

Miss Drencher: "Oh, yes; I have worn my Melissa for more than a year, in all kinds of weather; and the beauty of it is, there is none of that clammy, air-tight feeling about it, nor that horrid smell one gets from other waterproofs."

Mr. W.: "There seem to be several poor imitations of this Melissa Cloth on the market, so one has to be careful, you know, and always look for the Melissa Trade Mark on every garment or piece of cloth."

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and after saluting him, reported: "We have captured two hundred rebels, sir." The general calmly turned, and with his wonted elegant courtesy serenely replied: "Thank you, sergeant." After a silence the soldier again spoke: "But what are we to do with them, sir?"

"Hang them, of course," calmly replied his superior, resuming his story. A short time afterward, Sir Hugh was again interrupted by the sergeant, and said: "Please, sir, we have hung the lot, sir." The general turned, bowed silently and in the sweetest manner replied: "Thanks, sergeant, very many thanks," and then went on with his anecdote.

Quarantine Odor.

Mrs. Snooper—Isn't that a very peculiar perfume that Mrs. Hamburger has commenced to use lately?

Mrs. Skidmore—It's carbolic acid. She wants to make people believe she's been to Europe.

Fortune's Favorite.

Jim Hickey—So you consider Will Lotos a lucky man?

Jack Lever—Luck is no name for it! Why, that fellow could actually go down town to the library and find that the book he wanted was in!

They Hadn't Discovered It Yet.

It was in New Orleans at the time of the recent "big fight."

The night the colored pugilist vanquished the white man a party of well known sporting men from the Metropolis and the Hub were sounding the black champion's praises in the office of the Hon. Hon. when the proprietor, himself perhaps the best known sporting character in the South, exclaimed: "Great heavens, gentlemen, don't talk so loud! If the niggers hear you talking like that they'll think they've got a right to vote!"

Doc Had Him There.

In her Anecdotes, Mrs. Thraie tells a good story of Johnson's irrational antipathy to the inhabitants of North Britain. On the doctor's return from the Hebrides, he was asked by a Scotch gentleman, in London, "what he thought of his country?"

"That it is a very vile country, to be sure, sir," returned for answer Dr. Johnson.

"Well, sir," replied the other, somewhat mortified, "God made it."

"Certainly he did," answered Johnson again; "but we must always remember that he made it for Scotchmen, and—comparisons, sir, are odious—but God made hell!"

Useless.



Mike—Pat, let's take a look at the moon through that telescope—it's only five cins.

Pat—To the devil with the telescope! Sure, I can see the moon without lookin'—Judge.

A Refuge.

Mr. Hindlegs (circus manager)—What 'n thunder are you doing in the lions' cage out of hours?

Senor Mahoni (lion tamer)—It's all right, boss. I'm expecting my wife, any minute.

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Music.

LAST month took away Robert Franz, at the age of seventy seven. Franz was a prolific song-writer, having composed over two hundred and fifty songs, many of which are almost unrivaled in beauty and cause him to be ranked with the greatest German writers of *lieder*, Schumann and Schubert being possibly his only superiors. His songs, like theirs, are all too little known here, and the study of these gems will repay both student and teacher, and incidentally the composer as well. Like Beethoven, he became the victim of defective hearing, but unlike the great master, he was compelled to give up writing at a comparatively early age. Robert Franz discussed by his "additional accompaniments" to Handel's *Messiah* and *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*, to Bach's *Pavane Music of St. Matthew* and other works. These accompaniments raised the question whether such works should be accompanied, as designed by their composers, by the orchestral material known in their days, or by the wider range of orchestral instruments of the present day. As in all else, conservative thinkers are to be found among musicians and many found Franz's additions to be an impertinence, while equally strong opinions were expressed in favor of the innovation. Those who would form some idea of the beauty of Franz's genius should look over *Die Bitte* and *Widmung*, the first two of his songs that come to my mind. These will surely encourage them to seek more.

Some weeks ago I made reference to Lord Tennyson as a singer—that is, as a writer of verses that musicians can use for musical settings—a gift much rarer than most people imagine. The theme is brought back to me by an article in this month's *Musical Times* entitled, *Tennyson in Song*, the writer of which had compiled a Bibliography of Musical Settings of Lord Tennyson's Songs. He has found no less than five hundred and thirteen published compositions, in every variety of musical settings, of which the words are by the late Poet Laureate. These are composed of four hundred and fifty-four songs, seven duets, four trios, thirty-seven part songs, and eleven cantatas. Of these, *Sweet and Low* leads with thirty settings, followed by *Break, Break, Break*, with twenty-nine renderings. Sir Joseph Barnby's *Sweet and Low* easily distances all competitors. This beautiful little lyric was composed for Henry Leslie's choir, who sang it for the first time on January 14, 1863. Tennyson also wrote, at Sir Arthur Sullivan's request, a song-cycle entitled *The Window, or The Loves of the Wrens*, upon which that eminent composer has spent some of his best efforts. I may add that I have received from Dr. J. Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, his beautiful settings of *Crossing the Bar* and *The Silent Voices*, the last poems written by Lord Tennyson. These settings are very harmonious and effective and were sung at the poet laureate's funeral. I hope soon to hear of their being sung in Toronto.

I see that a school for extempore playing on the pianoforte has been revived in Paris. How fine it would be to organize a school for extempore organ playing in Toronto! I know several really good extemporists (pardon the new word) among our local organists, but we all know some very bad ones. Not very long ago, at a special musical service, I was horrified to find a gap of silence where an experienced organist would have found a joyous opportunity to extemporize, but the young man who for the nonce held down the organ bench was paralyzed into dumbness. One of my most pleasant experiences was the frequent hearing of extemporizations by Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli, whose work in this detail was always scholarly and masterly, as well as spontaneous and beautiful. No one to hear it would have thought it to be otherwise than clearly and carefully designed, and carried out according to all the canons of musical form. Yet how often we hear only vague manderings and repetitions with purposeless changes of registration!

The usual, or to speak more correctly, more than the usual crop of Thanksgiving-night concerts were given on Thursday evening of last week. They were all, I believe, well attended, and they were all of more than ordinary excellence. An interesting service was held at St. James' Cathedral on that evening, when a choir of one hundred and fifty voices, chosen from those churches which have the reputation of being "high," rendered the music. The singing was spirited, if not very artistic, and a good body of tone was shown, although the boys' voices were a trifle strident in quality. A curious feature was the absence of an anthem. The service was conducted by Rev. F. G. Plummer, the organ being played by Messrs. Webb and Burch.

The Toronto Vocal Society has announced its programme for the first concert to be given in January next. The pieces to be sung will be chosen from: *A Day of Penitence*, Gounod; *Autumn*, Mackenzie; *Serenade*, Smart; *Little Jacky Horner*, Caldicott; *The Sea Hath its Pearls*, Pinauti; *The Stars of Night*, Rheinberger; *Forsaken*, Koschat; *O'er Moss and Fell*, Bishop; *Now the Day is Over*, Barnby; *Nocturne (ladies' voices)*, Denza; *The Banner's Wave (male voices)*, Kuecken.

The concert to be given on Wednesday evening by the great Seidl Orchestra will be one of the most important events of the season, so important that I am pleased to give the details of the programme: *Overture and bacchanale*, Tannhauser, Wagner; four Slavonic dances, 2nd series, Dvorak; violoncello solo, (a) *Passepied*, dance in the old style, Gillet; (b) *Pensées d'Amour*, Herbert, Mr. Victor Herbert; *Case Noisette*, Ballet of *Notrack* Automata, Eschalkowsky; (a) *Overture Minature*, (b) *Marche Caractéristique*, (c) *Dance Ruse Trapeze*, (d) *Dance Chinoise*, (e) *Dance de Miriltons*, (f) *Cossaque*; piano solo, (a) *Barcarolle*—F. sharp, (b) *Ballade*—B. minor, Liszt, Mr. H. M. Field; *overture*, Mignon, Thomas; *aria*, *Ella's Dream*—Lohengrin, Wagner, Miss Amanda Fabris;

Sinfonia Pastorale, Beethoven, I. The cheerful impressions excited on arriving in the country. II. By the Brook. III. Peasants merry-making—thunderstorm—shepherd's song—glad and thankful feeling after the storm; violin solo, Gypsy Dances, Sarasate, Mr. Clifford Schmidt; First Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt.

METRONOME.

Change of Base.

For Saturday Night.

Upon the garden gate they swung
When nights were warm and fair,
And pale Diana often fumed
Her light upon the pair.

To-night, among the leafless trees
The autumn winds make moan,
The gate is swinging in the breeze,
Its rusty hinges groan.

And where are now the youth so gay
And maiden dressed in lawn?
Oh, whether do their footsteps stray,
Where have the lovers gone?

Go to the parlor, warm, go there,
And ask, if you would know,
That double-loaded rocking-chair,
That lamp turned down so low.

A. A. S.

A Muskoka Idyl.

For Saturday Night.

"Kate," he said, "when first I saw thee
On Lake Joseph's dusky breast,
While the wooing breeze played o'er thee
And thy raven locks cascaded,
Even then I did adore thee;
Prized thy smile o'er all the rest.
When I told the love I bore thee,
All my passion deep confessed,
Swore through life to battle for thee,
Held thee to my bosom pressed,
Asked the right to give protection,
Shield thee all through life from hurt,
In two words you pledged affection,
For your answer was: 'Why, dear!'"

UNCLE ARTHUR.

'Varsity Chat.

READERS of the library books are familiar with the work of the superior person who marks passages for the purpose of attracting the special attention of others whom he assumes to be less capable than himself of appreciating a good thing at first sight. People of dull perceptions are greatly indebted to this gifted individual for pointing out what is particularly excellent in the library books.

Mr. William Mulock, M. A., Q. C., M. P., for eleven years vice-chancellor, was re-elected to that office for three years at the first meeting of the Senate. He was opposed by Dr. I. H. Cameron and the vote stood 31 to 15.

"I submit that a man has no right to take the life of another, and that he also has not the right to delegate any power to society or the state to take the life of a fellow citizen," said Mr. Syd. B. Woods the other evening, as he proceeded at the debate in the Literary Society to argue for the abolition of capital punishment. "I hold, as against the contention of the leader of the affirmative," said Mr. A. T. Boles, the leader of the negative, "that just as a man has the right to kill his fellow in self-defence, so society has the right to inflict capital punishment." Thus, from point to point, the debate was argued. Mr. Woods was supported by Mr. W. E. Singelback, and Mr. Boles by Mr. W. P. Bull. The affirmative placed many facts, statistics and historical instances in a popular style, the leader making an excellent and fluent speech, which was most cordially received by the society. The leader of the negative took the data submitted by his opponent, and by clear, crisp logic made a splendid argument and showed that he has the mind of a debater. On the platform along with the president, Mr. A. T. DeLury, B.A., were Mr. Alexander Smith, B.A., Mr. H. R. Knox, B.A., and Mr. J. R. Graham, B.A. The president asked Mr. Smith to sum up the debate and decide upon the argument. The decision was given in favor of the negative. The Glee Club, under the baton of Mr. Percy Parker, sang a number of selections. Mr. W. S. Carroll read an appropriate selection. The meeting was largely attended and enthusiastic, and the graduates present were treated in royal style.

Officers for the class of '95 have been elected as follows: Musical director, Mr. A. Wickens; judge, Mr. W. A. McLaren; prophet, Mr. A. A. Laing; critic, Mr. Hollinrake; poet, Mr. J. A. Tucker; historian, Mr. F. R. Proctor; orator, Mr. Joseph Montgomery; councillors, Mr. J. Hyland and Mr. E. A. Wicher.

So it seems that K Company of the Queen's Own Rifles is to lose its distinctive University character on the pithy excuse that K does not turn out regularly for parade. It may be that the fact that K always showed up well in marches past, reviews, etc., much to the chagrin of other companies that have veterans in them, had much to do with the decision stated to have been arrived at. K could "plug" for reviews as well as for exams, and now as we are about to lose our University corps I think no person will deny that we have given some of its best men to the regiment and that our fellows have always performed their duty with dignity and honor. The old spirit is vanishing rapidly. There will soon be nothing historical left. Nothing will remain to pleasingly interest the graduate of years gone by. What meets his sight will but arouse his anger. The other day I met a graduate who has been away in other countries for years. He was visiting the college, and with evident amazement he asked, "Why do they call Mr. — senator?" "Because he is a 'Varsity senator. Examine the list of senators and you will see that there is no use for graduates making a fuss over elections. The other fellows rule and are there in spite of the graduates. Graduates know nothing about a university. Tooth-pullers, organ-grinders and the like are the men to conduct the greatest institution in the country." "And this," said the grad., "is what University College has come to; this is I suppose the result of confederation!" and with a look of despair he passed out upon the lawn.

The following are the officers for the Fresh-

men Class Society: President, Mr. P. J. Robinson; 1st vice-president, Miss Smart; 2nd vice-president, Mr. W. A. McKinnon; secretary, Mr. A. J. Stringer; treasurer, Mr. F. Allen; musical director, Mr. W. R. White; athletic director, Mr. J. W. Gilmour; poet, Miss Shilling; orator, Mr. J. R. Perry; historians, Miss Wanless and Mr. D. McFayden; prophet, Mr. K. Boyd; judge, Mr. J. Merrick; critic, Mr. H. A. Bruce; artist, Mr. W. A. McLean; councillors, Misses Craig, Cranston and Burnham, Messrs. McKay and Howland.

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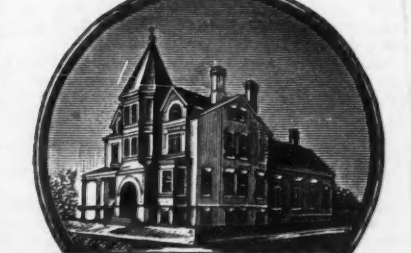
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(Continued from Page Two.)

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3 King Street East, Toronto

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

Bogue of Campbellford spent Thanksgiving with Dr. Morton of Church street.

Rev. J. P. Lewis was tendered a reception by his congregation last evening in Grace church parlors, on his return from the Continent.

Captain and Mrs. J. E. Hughes of Kidderminster are visiting at the Queen's.

Mrs. M. M. Kertland will be at home at 15 Linden street next Wednesday from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Kerr of Charles street gave a delightful tea yesterday afternoon.

The Athenium Bicycle Club gave a very successful smoking concert last Thursday evening in the club parlors. An orchestra furnished music, and a very good programme was carried out by the Harmony Quartette club, Messrs. Fred Baker, H. J. Cochran, Geo. Taylor, Harry Rich; Horace Pease and Bert Kennedy. Messrs. Bruce Brough, Curry, Cartwright, and Professor Halfpenny gave an exhibition of fencing, and Messrs. Douglas and Bell of boxing. Mr. J. P. Langley, vice-president of the club, occupied the chair.

The first chrysanthemum wedding that has been seen in Toronto society, and undoubtedly the prettiest, was that which was celebrated at St. George's church Wednesday afternoon last, when Miss Mab Bell and Mr. Frederic B. Pemberton, C.E., of Victoria, B.C., were married. The bride is the daughter of Mr. P. W. Bell of the Hudson Bay Company and niece of Miss Dupont, Dufferin house, Toronto, while the groom is the son of Mr. J. Despard Pemberton of Victoria, B.C. The ceremony's chief charm consisted in the beautiful effect produced by the chrysanthemums which everywhere shed their beauty of tints and loveliness. The bouquets of the bride and the altar's clusters of magnificent specimens of Japan's floral ideal, blended in the two shades of pale yellow and light brown. The church was most appropriately decorated with chrysanthemums and foliage, and from the chancel's steps to the altar's rails an aisle was formed of potted chrysanthemums, interspersed with palms and ferns. The church was crowded with a fashionable throng, a large number of them being guests. The bridesmaids were: Miss Jessie Bell, sister of the bride; Miss Minnie Temple and Miss Marion Wilkie, school friends, and her three little cousins, Miss Jessie Blanchford, Miss Nellie Dupont and Miss Gertrude Dupont. The bride was bewitchingly sweet in an Empire gown of white brocade with tulle veil. She wore a star of pearls and diamonds, the gift of the groom, and carried a beautiful bouquet, a charming collection of lilies of the valley surrounded with white rosebuds and fringed with chrysanthemums. The bridesmaids formed a captivating group in Louis Seize gowns of cream, with hats and feathers of the same, to which their magnificent bouquets of brown and yellow chrysanthemums made a delightful contrast. Miss Dupont looked stately in a most becoming costume of gray silk and black point de Venice lace. Miss Amy Dupont wore a dainty lemon-colored dress of crepe with yellow velvet sleeves. Mrs. Bell, mother of the bride, appeared in black bengaline. The pupils of Dufferin House, attired all in white, acted as maids of honor and formed an aisle through which the bride party proceeded. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Cayler, rector of St. George's church, assisted by Rev. A. J. Broughall, rector of St. Stephen's. The bride was given away by her father, Messrs. George Vankoughnet and Louis McDermott were the ushers. The service, which was fully choral, was rendered by the surpliced choir of St. George's, under the direction of Mr. E. W. Phillips. After the ceremony a reception took place at Dufferin House, the residence of Miss Dupont. The drawing-room was rendered a perfect bower of beauty and fragrance by a profusion of chrysanthemums, roses, ferns and palms. The bride's traveling dress was of brown camel's hair, trimmed with otter, with a vest of yellow satin. Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton left by the afternoon train for Niagara Falls, where they will spend a few days en route to California watering places, where an extended honeymoon will be spent previous to their taking up their residence at Victoria.

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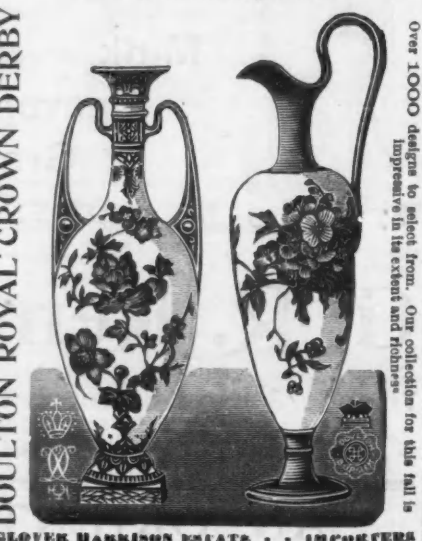
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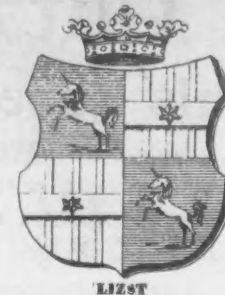
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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

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MARRIAGES. PHILIP—GIBBS—Nov. 8, Wm. S. Philip to Minnie Gibbs. ALLEN—SAVAGE—Nov. 10, S. E. Allen to Gertrude Savage. GOAD—DOLLAR—Nov. 1, Nelson A. Goad to Jessie Dollar. YORK—TUDHOPE—Nov. 10, William York to E. L. Tudhope. LANGFORD—BIRNETT—Nov. 9, Charles Langford to Jeanette Birnett. DORAY—PHILLIPS—Nov. 1, James G. Doray to A. L. Phillips. UNWIN—NELLES—Nov. 6, Francis M. Unwin to Kate Nelles. PARRISH—HENRY—Nov. 9, W. L. Parrish to Nellie Henry. WISE—GLASGOW—Nov. 2, Rev. H. Wise to Clara Jane Glasgow. SNEATH—REEVES—Nov. 10, Fred Sneath to Florence Reeves. ALLAN—SMALL—Nov. 9, James Allan to Mabel Small. PEMBERTON—BELL—Nov. 10, Fred Pemberton to M. A. Dupont Bell.

DEATHS. BODDY—Nov. 15, Harry Melville Boddy, aged 36.



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